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CURRENT COMMENTS

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IT is characteristic of the mentality of the British public that for two weeks of the month just passed all other thoughts should have been blotted from its mind by an inquiry into alleged leakage of Budget secrets. The inquiry was interesting, more in its minor than in its major details. It was very ably conducted by Mr. Justice Porter, whose direct methods of confirming witnesses' evidence gave the lie to traditional complaints of the law's delays. The report which is to follow it—not published at the time of this writing—may have political reactions. But the reactions, the report, the inquiry, in short the whole question is of less consequence than the all-important and still unsolved question of British foreign policy.

There was in this connexion an illuminating incident at Geneva last month, when, during a League meeting attended by British delegates, an effigy of John Bull was towed along Lake Leman, dragging a coffin behind it. Half the British Press, with that chaste ignorance of the shameful which affects many British journalists when the shameful is British, failed to report the incident; the other half, pressed by the necessity of beating the British Government's back every day with some stick or other, stunted it. Neither commented on the fact of which the incident was but a reflection, that at no time since the War has British prestige been so low. Protestations of virtuous intention no longer serve to conceal this fact, abroad at least; and explanations of the necessity of facing both ways no longer convince the House of

Commons as they once did. Mr. Eden is right to tell Opposition critics that the logical conclusion of their policy of sanctions would have been war. But if the Government was not prepared to follow their policy to its logical conclusion, why initiate it ? For this logical conclusion had been foreseen, and pointed out, before the historic meeting of the League Assembly last September when Sir Samuel Hoare committed Britain to sanctions.

British Repudiations

THERE may be explanations still to be made of British policy in the Italian-Abyssinian War. There should be no more excuses. Rather should this particular British experience be placed in the plain category of British repudiations of obligations freely undertaken. There have been many such repudiations in the last five years—of the war debt to the United States, of the same League Covenant in the case of Manchuria, of the Treaty o Versailles in the case of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, of the Treaties of Locarno in the case of German remilitarisation of the Rhineland. Together they inspire a doubt whether so many commitments should have been made, a certainty that they should not be made again unless their implications are understood not only by the legal draughtsmen of the Foreign Office, but by the general body of the electorate.

It may be, as Mr. Baldwin has again been saying, that the policy of collective security is the only policy which gives hope of a peaceful future in Europe. But before he is allowed to follow it again, not only he, but all citizens of military age, should clearly understand what it means. Instead of being asked, as they were in the Peace Ballot, whether they are vaguely in favour of military sanctions, these citizens should be asked explicitly : " Would you be willing to go to war to stop a war of aggression against some country other than your own ?"

If their answer were affirmative, then there would be at least the beginnings of a real policy of collective security : if it were negative, then the League would revert to its function as instrument of conciliation rather than instrument of coercion ; and Britain's choice between alliance and isolation would be clearer. It would be well if we had some means such as the referendum of discovering what British desires in this matter really are before Mr. Eden goes to Geneva this month to interpret them once more.

"Dum-Dum Bullets"

IN one matter, at least, Mr. Eden has been successful of late. That was in disposing of an Italian complaint to the League that Britain had supplied the Abyssinians with dum-dum bullets. The story behind the complaint beats the writers of spy "thrillers" at their own game. A Colonel Pedro Lopez, *alias* Singleton, Henry, Bernstein, Lawrence, and Radwill, known to be an Englishman and said to have been an actor, armed with a forged letter of recommendation from the Bank of Egypt, deceived a British firm into supplying him with samples of many kinds of British bullets, including the soft-nosed bullets used in big-game hunting. Armed with these samples and a letter from the firm, he became Colonel Mezler and called on the Abyssinian Minister in London, whom he induced to sign a paper giving details of Abyssinia's requirements in ammunition. These papers somehow—it is difficult to guess how, for "Colonel Lopez" has since declared his motive to have been "not unpatriotic"—reached Italy. The Italian newspapers (it appears) were deceived into the belief that they were proof of Abyssinian-British complicity in illegal traffic ; and enraged at the thought that a government which had suffered nothing worse than

bombing from the air and poison gas should consider resorting to such barbarous methods of warfare as dum-dum bullets. Hence the Italian complaint, since withdrawn and since refuted by the wealth of detail Mr. Eden gave to the House of Commons about the life and activities of Colonel Lopez—Singleton—Henry—Bernstein—Lawrence—Radwill—Mezler.

Soldier and Administrator

IT was only a few days before his death that Lord Allenby, in a Rectorial Address to Edinburgh students, declared his conviction that the gains of war "are but Dead Sea fruit." The declaration was a worthy conclusion to the life of one who had practised the art of war with success, not indeed in the modern manner of mass carnage that was war on the Western Front, but in the more romantic style that was fitted to the country in which his troops moved. He had a "cavalry mind" which made the war in France uncongenial to him and him unsuited to it. But in Palestine, where the men, the weapons and the land gave him scope, he revealed all his brilliance in conception and execution. The sweep of his cavalry across the Carmel range into the plain of Esdraelon was of a kind which no general in France had the opportunity to practise ; it was also of a kind which very few other generals would have practised had the opportunity been theirs. His post-war career was an example of rare versatility. For from the dashing commander he was transformed, as British High Commissioner in Egypt, into the patient, firm and tactful administrator, and that at a time when Egyptian nationalism was as difficult a problem as it has ever been.

Sharing a Taxi

MANY persons of the most innocent intentions, and in particular many Londoners, discovered from an appeal before the Lord Chief Justice last month that for

some six years they had been committing an offence against the Road Traffic Act, 1930. This Act lays it down in Section 72 (10) that " where persons are carried in a motor vehicle for any journey in consideration of separate payments made by them, whether to the owner of the vehicle or to any other person, the vehicle in which they are carried shall be deemed to be a vehicle carrying passengers for hire or reward at separate fares." A taxicab is a motor vehicle. Friends who share its cost are " persons carried in consideration of separate payments." And that one of them who collects their shares of the fare from the others is clearly liable to the kind of prosecution which was the origin of the appeal mentioned above. The intention of the law—to protect licensed motor vehicle services from unlicensed competition—is no doubt reasonable ; and the law no doubt is operated only in extreme cases. But the manifest absurdities to which it could give rise are only equalled by the further illustration it gives of the extent to which a necessarily communal industrial civilisation restricts the activities of the individual.

WILFRID HINDLE.

Fragment

By Kenneth Hare

OH 'tis the joy
To contemplate and to possess the soul,
And watch the round moon through the pollard burn,
Whose upright tresses bear her aureole !

Amen

By Ashley Sampson

IT would be impossible to imagine anything less like Mr. Bunny than the cathedral at Granchester, or anything with which one would be less likely to associate him. For Granchester Cathedral smites you with its personality when you see it from the train, half a mile away, in the same way that it smites you with awe and wonder when it suddenly looms up at you at closer view—grave and cool in the turmoil of Granchester itself. For Mr. Bunny was not even large. Quiet, inoffensive, mild and not undignified, he would take his seat in the vast and dim cathedral for Evensong each weekday afternoon; but on Sunday he was seldom noticed, not because he was not there; but because he was lost among the crowds. He was there in his best Sunday clothes all right; but nobody saw him because he was like so many other people in his best Sunday clothes.

Yet inside him—right down at the core—Mr. Bunny was not quite like anyone else in the world. He was dimly aware of the fact; but in a rather shame-faced way. His landlady, Mrs. Lamport, had a feeling about it too; but it was accompanied by no sense of shame. So had Miss Teesdale, a fellow lodger; but neither of them said much about it to the other. The thing that made all the difference between Mr. Bunny and the remainder of the world was the thing that took him to the cathedral every day—a passionate, absorbing, searing love of music. He would sit in quiet amazement while the great choral motets of Bach made the whole cathedral thrum like a harp, or with a sense of exquisite emotional bewilderment as the great anthems crashed with their organ accompaniment into the wide area of the nave. These he loved; but what thrilled him most was to sit like a spot of silence in the half empty cathedral while Dr. Drummond played the organ when the service was over or before it had begun. Sometimes its noise would flash like lightning

among the pillars, to be answered by a roar in some transept ; and sometimes it would peal softly over the empty choir stalls—lifting Mr. Bunny to heights which his soul never tasted at any other time. Then he would return home—crushed and defeated by what he had heard ; but still singing those echoes in his heart.

Of all this he said little to his neighbours ; but they knew that for twenty years the cathedral had lived with him—though little they knew how real that life had become for him. He rose with it in his mind and would take a look at it from the window of his lodgings before he visited his bath ; and not a night passed but that he would look from his window to see it hanging webbed against the night sky before he put his light out, and stepped into bed. For wherever he was, and whatever he was doing, the cathedral was not far from his mind ; and the organ—that mighty instrument which could transform his soul—was the centre of his life. Dimly he had hoped, when he first visited the cathedral, that he might be admitted to the inner circle of its friends—might come to know the organist, the precentor and perhaps one or two of the other clergy ; and might even be allowed a glimpse of the organ in all its glory. Such hopes as he entertained, however, had receded into the background ; and he had begun to realize that the life of a cathedral is as grand and impersonal as the tall nave and vaulted transepts themselves. An occasional nod from a minor canon was all the recognition that he received for many years.

At last an opportunity fell to him for entering into conversation with Bennett, the minor canon's verger ; and a curious acquaintanceship was the result. For a long while Bennett had been unable to fathom Mr. Bunny —his quiet demeanour, his passion for the organ and his persistent presence at the weekday Evensongs ; but, as the months lengthened into years, and Mr. Bunny kept on turning up regularly, he at last took him for granted ; and would even admit him to some of the cathedral's

secrets. One day he took him down to the crypt and displayed to his wondering and admiring gaze great open stacks of old music which had been discarded by the cathedral choir—some of it fifty years old and more. So greedily had Mr. Bunny drunk in all this, and so often did he return to it in conversation, that Bennett told him one day that he might have some of the old stuff for his own use.

Then had begun a transformation of Mr. Bunny's sitting-room. Mrs. Lamport heard with a failing heart what was coming into it, and eyed it all with unequivocal misgiving when it arrived ; but Mr. Bunny was delighted. He spent a happy day in moving a great mass of it in. It was like bringing a part of the cathedral to his own hearth ; and he would spend hours alone in his room—turning over the faded music, and playing snatches of it upon his woolly piano. As fresh music at the cathedral was purchased, so other would be discarded ; and Mr. Bunny had the joy of receiving more into his bosom. At last his landlady realized that no more could be got in ; but she was far too wise to say anything of this to Mr. Bunny. She would wait until he was out for the afternoon ; and make a private little bonfire of her own. It would be weeks before he would discover that anything had gone. One afternoon, shortly after Easter, he approached her door.

" It's very funny about my music," he said, in a puzzled sort of way. " But I thought I had five anthems of Dr. Blow. Now I can only find four."

Mrs. Lamport was accustomed to this. She only said, " Well, you can't expect to keep account of all that. Isn't four enough ? "

" Yes—four's enough ; but I thought I had five."

" Well, if four's enough, I shouldn't bother about the fifth," she replied, philosophically.

Mr. Bunny was too puzzled to laugh.

" But I wonder where the fifth is," was all that he said.

" Buried at the bottom of that great pile somewhere,

I expect," she replied.

"Yes—I shall have to get it all in order some day; and put in a book where they all are."

Upon that he suddenly realized that the time for the cathedral Evensong was drawing near; and so he left the house—little guessing at all that was in store for him that afternoon. It was a warm spring afternoon; and Granchester seemed bigger and busier than usual. He hurried a little, as his consternation about the vanished music had made him rather late; but, when he passed into the dim silence of the large nave, he observed that sightseers were still roaming about—only a few had taken their seats for the service. It was not long before the former had either left the cathedral or gathered in the nave; and the usual preparatory sights and sounds to Divine Service trooped into their places. An air of expectancy soon filled the cathedral; and Mr. Bunny sat amid the silent group—a sense of pleasurable anticipation gathering in his heart. The altar was alight and the stalls illuminated and the melancholy chiming of the little bells had given way to the deep tongue of the great cathedral bell; but Mr. Bunny did not see the consternation that was gathering behind the scenes.

For Dr. Drummond, the organist, was missing his assistant—Mr. Boyes. Where was he? The man must have forgotten that he was to play the choir in. That did not matter very much as, luckily, Dr. Drummond was there in time himself; but what about the "Amen" before the anthem? That had to be played by somebody since the anthem itself was an unaccompanied motet; and Dr. Drummond must be down in the chancel to conduct it. He could not beat time from his perch up in the organ. It was the custom of Mr. Boyes never to be a moment late; and Dr. Drummond's glances at his watch became more and more frequent, and more and more anxious. At last the choir began to muster from their vestries; and the organist realized that something must be decided at once.

The first to suggest a solution to the problem was the precentor—a man with a pink face and the voice of a silver trumpet. None of the men could be spared from the choir ; but did any of them have a friend, or perhaps a pupil, in the congregation—who could play an " Amen ?" It was not much to ask—the manipulation of two chords ; and he need not use the pedals. A brief inquisition among the gentlemen of the choir yielded no results ; but Bennett came to the rescue just in time. There was a little man who came to the cathedral every day who was very musical. Dr. Drummond must have seen him sometimes ; but he had probably never noticed. Bennett knew something about him ; and was quite sure he could be trusted to play an " Amen." So Bennett was despatched to Mr. Bunny.

Seated in the congregation, the latter saw Bennett coming nearer and nearer to him with an increasing sense of wonder and bewilderment. His sense of pleasurable anticipation had suddenly been frustrated ; and the rich notes of the organ, which had suddenly begun to move him from their heights, left him, for a moment, cold. What could Bennett be going to do ? On and on he came. Now he was speaking to him : Could he play an " Amen ? " Yes—just before the anthem. Mr. Boyes had not turned up—was unlikely to come now. It would be a great help. All this went on with the congregation looking around ; and Mr. Bunny's answers seemed to be made with a voice that came from one of the galleries. He rose and followed the verger behind the scenes. There he found the precentor—waiting for him in the flesh. The choir had already passed into the cathedral ; but he told Mr. Bunny, with a laugh, that he could not go in himself until he had made sure that all was well. Now that Mr. Bunny had so kindly put all their minds at rest, he could go to his stall. He thanked him warmly and shook him by the hand. Bennett would show him up to the organ.

Mr. Bunny scarcely knew whether he was dreaming

or awake. He followed Bennett up to the organ loft; but he did not hear a word that he said. At last he was to see the instrument that worked its magic on the whole cathedral! This he could realize in a dim sort of way; but the thought which gripped him, and which he still could not realize, was that he was to play it—*play* the organ of Granchester Cathedral. It was too much to take in at one gulp; and the emotions which crowded his head and heart left him inarticulate and bewildered. One thought poked its way through the great mass of thought which had become congealed in his mind—that this would be the supreme moment of his life. Never would he have such an opportunity again; and he must seize it with both hands—never let it slip from him. So his mind raced ahead of his body as he followed Bennett up the steps and into the loft.

He found the organ even more resplendent than he had anticipated. For Dr. Drummond looked quite small beside his instrument. It rose up like a great forest before his gaze—the glazed keyboards, a multitude of stops; and the deep black cave into which all receded below. This struck awe into Mr. Bunny.

"Boyes may come yet," said Dr. Drummond, when the verger had left them. "But I doubt it now. He's a very punctual fellow; and he told me he'd be here to play them in. I'm afraid he's mistaken the day."

Mr. Bunny refused to be daunted in his hope now. He shut his whole mind to any thought but the "Amen" which he should play; and concentrated all upon that. So, deaf to the possibility of all else, he sat through the service—watching Dr. Drummond in a growing sense of elation and triumph. He enjoyed the organist's dexterous manipulation of the keyboards; and loved the instrument's deep response—the snorting pedals and the roaring pipes—the quiet swell and deep booming of the undertones. Occasionally, during some pause, he would put out a question or two; and Dr. Drummond would return a smiling answer. At last the *Nunc Dimittis* was concluded

and Mr. Bunny knew that he must keep his head for the crisis. Everything but a supreme joy was now gone out of him. A sense of daring of which he had never dreamt himself capable was upon him. No vestige of anxiety remained; and he could only eye the instrument with an almost greedy anticipation.

"I shall go immediately after the second collect," announced the organist, through the bellowing of the instrument. "Will you take over then?"

Mr. Bunny nodded.

"You know the key?"

"G!"

"Then I'll be going."

In a flash he had gone and Mr. Bunny had strided over the organ stool. The supreme moment had arrived; and the Granchester Cathedral organ was in his grip. It would take only two seconds—two chords: "A-men." Yet nothing could ever wipe the triumph of those seconds from his memory. The third collect was finished; and the moment stood poised for him—like an opening cavity into which he could plunge. He took it full dive; and the great instrument responded—pliable and obedient to his touch. One, two—"Amen"—it was over. The choir had responded from their depths. The chords had risen and fallen like a wave; and Mr. Bunny was landed safely on the other side.

He sat in a kind of exultation as the unaccompanied music of the Byrde anthem rose up like incense; and, when Dr. Drummond returned and congratulated him, he seemed to be slowly awakening from a dream. Although the time had moved so slowly when he had been on the verge of his achievement, it seemed to be over surprisingly quickly. He awoke, however, to a memory that would remain with him for the rest of his life. For there it was—long after the incident had been reduced to ashes—still glowing in his mind. He lived through that "Amen" again and again, until he had exhausted all its potentialities—had squeezed the experience dry of any signficance. Then he would allow it to rest for a while—until

it would burst up in his mind afresh ; and he would taste it again—relishing its flavour, and turning it over and over on the palate of his mind.

When they descended the choir was just dispersing ; and Mr. Bunny was, at least for the moment, the object of every eye. One or two of the men cast a smile in his direction ; and the Dean—the *Dean*—gave him a grave nod as he passed him by. All had got wind of the situation ; and the precentor came out from the vestry to thank him once more. Finally he turned to find that the gaunt figure of the canon in residence had approached him. That experience was quite unlike any of the others ; and Mr. Bunny listened to the voice he had so often heard cleave the cathedral from the pulpit on a Sunday afternoon. Now it was addressing him—the same voice ; but cool and intimate—with all the boom gone out of it. The canon told Mr. Bunny that, now he came to look at him, he remembered having seen him there before. He thanked him for rescuing them from an awkward situation ; and hoped he would come in and see his garden one afternoon after evensong, and perhaps take tea with him in the Cathedral Close.

So he went home to his rooms in a blaze of triumph ; and his mind was a blaze of incoherence. How could he tell Mrs. Lamport and the others all that had happened ? He must let his friends in other places know through the post. The doors of Granchester Cathedral's inner life had suddenly been opened to him ; and, to whatever they closed themselves now, he was comfortably inside. He was of the elect. If he passed the Dean in the street to-morrow, he would take off his hat to him ; and Dr. Drummond—why, Dr. Drummond was his friend. He would stop and speak to him. Mr. Bunny was now a part of Granchester Cathedral ; and the canon in residence had asked him to tea !

" Well, you have had a time," said Mrs. Lamport, when he had burst into her room with the news. " And you've played the Cathedral organ. There aren't many that have done that."

"Of course, it was only an 'Amen,' Mrs. Lamport; but it was a great success."

"Yes, it'll be twopence to speak to you soon. Had you never seen the organ before?"

His enthusiasm burst out again.

"No; but it's the loveliest instrument I've ever seen, or even imagined."

Mrs. Lamport eyed him with appreciation, and said "I bet it is, too. Well, I've put your tea in your room for you. Don't go and leave that after all you've done."

Mr. Bunny, however, did leave it—simply because he could not get up enough appetite with which to eat it. His excitement quelled every attempt; and the thought of the new life which was opening up for him now was too overwhelming to admit anything else into his soul or his body. So he pushed it aside and fetched some paper and ink; but he could not write to tell his friends. The words would not come. His brain was so full that it had become hard; and he alternatively sat over them and paced the room—his mind like a stone. At last he sat down and swallowed his tea; and the result was admirable for his mind. It began slowly to divulge itself, bit by bit, of all that it contained; and Mr. Bunny spent the time until supper writing and stamping letters. When he had posted these he returned to supper and an early bed. To-morrow he would awaken to the fresh joy of living; and his last thought, as he snuffed out his candle, was that the canon in residence had asked him to tea.

So the next morning his landlady was not very much surprised when the little lodger made no early appearance for his breakfast. She had already told Miss Teesdale how he had made no movement when she had called him. Of course he was exhausted after the excitements of the day before. So she resolved to take him up his breakfast as a surprise. It was the first time he had ever been late in twenty years; and she smiled to think what he would say of himself when he awoke to the fact. In his room there was still no sound; and, although it was full of the morning light, directly Mrs. Lamport was inside it, she

knew that something had happened. The stillness was so unnatural. When she had put down the tray, she went over to the bed and looked; and remained gazing for some while at the dead face. The shock was over in a moment for her; and she just remained staring at its strange happiness. Then she went softly out of the room.

There were some in the neighbourhood who knew him; and one or two other lodgers in the house came to look at him. Mrs. Lamport spread out some flowers in the room and drew the sheet over his head. She heard the others descend into the house and whisper downstairs about his tragic end; but she lifted the sheet once again, and took a last look at the now shrunken and faded features. For she knew—and only she in the whole world knew—that here was no tragedy. Mr. Bunny had died the happiest man in England.

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Representative Men

VI.—John Dewey

ASK ten Americans who is John Dewey, and in nine cases you will draw blank. Ask a hundred Englishmen and the chances are you will draw blank in all.

The Englishmen's ignorance is excusable : they have been fed on the Al Capones of American history. American ignorance is also excusable, though less so. For this foremost American philosopher and educationist of his day, a man who indirectly has shaped the thoughts of some hundreds of thousands of his country-men, comes under the full, fierce light of American publicity only on the occasions—not, incidentally, rare—when he steps forward to champion some unpopular cause. In this connection he often appears in American newspapers; less often in connection with the philosophy of, and experiments in, education which have been his life work.

Crabbed as it has become in sound and meaning, educationist is a misfit word for any man. It is particularly a misfit word in the case of Dewey. However far his disciples may have strayed from the rational into the pedagogic path, he himself is, and has always been, human ; which is to say that all his thoughts and actions have been bent to an end taking account of the whole human being, and not only of the intellectual man. In this he is essentially American ; not the American Europeans most often know, but an American of the same simple and honest type as Emerson (from whom, however, he differs profoundly in thought).

He was born, it is not without purpose to recall, on a Vermont farm, of a family who for seven generations had been farmers. In all he has written there is a reality—a relation, that is, to the world perceived by the senses—less frequent in urban than in rural mankind. This

reality is especially apparent in his philosophy, most unreal of subjects to the layman. Man's thought, to Dewey, is not an abstract thing, but a function, a reaction to the stimuli of environment. This environment has been produced by disparate progress in the physical and other sciences. "Physical science has for the time being outrun psychical. We have mastered the physical mechanism sufficiently to turn out possible goods; we have not gained a knowledge of the conditions through which possible values become actual in life, and so are still at the mercy of habit, of haphazard, and hence of force.....At times it seems as though we were caught in a contradiction; the more we multiply means, the less certain and general is the use we are able to make of them."

Such ideas men have expressed before. But Dewey deduced from them a realistic plan of life and education. Man, he believes, is an intellectual child in the midst of the mechanical world he has created. To bring him to the necessary stature is the task of education. The method must be that of the physical sciences—experimental; its aim—not knowledge, but intelligence, the training of the mind to control the world around it. With this end and aim in view, the attitude to morality, that is, behaviour—must change, too. There can for the moment be no absolute good, for until the rate of psychical growth has been adjusted to the rate of mechanical progress any system of behaviour must be transient. "Not perfection as a final goal, but the ever-enduring process of perfecting, maturing, refining, is the aim. The bad man is the man who, no matter how good he has been, is beginning to deteriorate, to grow less good. The good man is the man who, no matter how morally unworthy he *has* been, is moving to become better. Such a conception makes one severe in judging himself and humane in judging others."

This is the faith of an American "liberal"—and

something more. For where the American "liberal" so often proceeds from dogmatic and inflexible principle, Dewey's principle is pragmatic; he is the William James of sociology. Morals to him, as to the growing number of Americans who combat the hyper-individualistic bases of American pioneer society, are indeed a matter of social responsibility; intelligence is a moral obligation; and education is a moral instrument. But where they would substitute for the older gospels of a self-made society a gospel equally rigid (though of different aim and method), he would prefer a technique rather than a law, tolerant adjustment of the competing interests of different social groups rather than their reduction to common formula. It is thus that, though he is to be found in the company of such political liberals as Walter Lippmann, his place is more properly in the humanistic society yet to come, a society of which signs appear especially, and most strangely, on the over-industrialised American horizon.

When that society comes (and if it is not drowned at birth in the maelstrom of mechanical-capitalist contradiction) the measure of his influence will be found. At the moment, pervasive as it is, it cannot accurately be estimated. Great, however, it unquestionably is. It began with the Experimental School he established at the University of Chicago in 1902; thanks to which millions of American children are learning, learning by living, from teachers whose whole training was revolutionised by the theories of education Dewey put to a practical test. It continued in the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, under Dewey a meeting-ground for "live" students from all over the United States. It will reach its height in the next generation of American mankind, who through it will have been humanised probably to a greater extent than Europeans who pay greater lip-service to the humanistic cause.

BRITANNICUS VIATOR.

He has fallen Asleep

By Peter Meynell

I CANNOT speak, for I have seen today
A tired child, who lay more quietly
Than a white petal fallen from the spray.
His rosy feet were like two flakes of snow,
And the perfection of his childish brow
Was cold.

His little eager hands, once curved to hold
The sun—the moon—the gaily nodding flowers,
Rest empty on his breast. They, too, are cold.
Listen !.....'tis naught.....he will not call again,
There is not anything we may retain
Of him.

We know not whither he has gone, or why
He must depart and leave us desolate.
Pitiful stars ! Oh, hear us when we cry !
Lean down, that on his path your light may show
Lest in great darkness, faltering, he grow
Afraid.

A Mental Cruise

By Lionel Nigg

THE Mesopotamian summer was over. Activity and movement, which had been limited to an hour round about sunrise and sunset with such night work as might be suitable, had gradually extended to all but about three hours round noon. Rumours that the push was really going to begin were more and more insistent.

I felt a pleasant sense of exhilaration as I sipped my lime-juice and vermouth. After eighteen months stamping the mud in a remote part of Scotland, constantly passed over for service at the front, I had done quite well under a thoroughly practical colonel, who had sent me on scouting expeditions when we were in the trenches.

We were due to go into the line again the next day, and as I looked across the Tigris I felt a pang of regret that I might be leaving for ever this little tract of country with which I had grown so familiar.

The haze of dust overlying the camps turned the horizontal rays of the setting sun into a rich saffron green, which was reflected a darker brown in the even surface of the muddy river. The acrid smell of incinerators filled the air. Men and beasts passed through the haze, black outlines ; a troop of mules with Indian driver was a stately silhouette ; shambling after them a bucket-carrying menial with tousled turban and bedraggled shirt flapping round flexed knees was an immortal grotesque, raised above the plane of human need and anxiety. The Platonic Idea, as interpreted by Schopenhauer, the basis of art. Removed from all appeal to the will, the horrible was transmuted into the beautiful. He was, in fact, a sanitary man staggering back from a punishment fatigue ; constantly in trouble, he would incur more fatigues, with stoppages of pay, staggering in the bog of inefficiency under implacable authority.

" Why were you out without your topee this after-

noon?" The adjutant passing recalled me sharply to the plane of the will. It was the end of November, but it was still orders that helmets must be worn until sundown. As I found that a helmet interfered with the pleasures of riding, I had set out for the marsh that afternoon in my Scots bonnet. I mumbled some apology, and the adjutant said he would report me if he saw me again without my helmet.

I poured myself out another vermouth. Quite absurd, this order about wearing topees at the end of November. I thought of all the strange, purposeless activities of the last two years, tents and mud, huts and mud, tents and dust. I looked along the river banks—tents and incinerators, horses and mules, soldiers, native and European, a complex of endeavour in an enterprise as unreal as all the day-to-day needs and anxieties and discomforts, ambitions and humiliations of each individual were real.

Unreal? The word came back to me as a sudden illumination. That was it, it was all a staged show. What evidence had I that there was a real war at all? I had never seen anyone killed. That white thing I had seen in a shallow trench when scouting was not a corpse at all. The Colonel, who looked so much like my brother's friend, Winthrop, of course he was Winthrop. The whole thing had been staged; it was a scheme to inaugurate the new world. I was being trained to play my part. The occasional shelling and so on was part of the training. Of course there was that shell which had killed two men three bays off—but I'd never seen the bodies. My company commander, so like my brother Hugh—of course he was Hugh.

It was time to wash and put on a collar and tie for dinner. I mustn't let on I'd seen anything, just carry on. I was being disciplined; when they saw fit, they would tell me all about it.

The mess was celebrating the Feast of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of the regiment. It happened to be my birthday, too. They were singing a song with the re-

frain, "I'm twenty-one to-day." I was twenty-three that day. But how did I know? One knew nothing about the first two years of one's life. Of course, the song was for my benefit; this would be the evening of the great dénouement. My testing time was over. I would be initiated into the company of the master minds who were ordering the new dispensation, and allotted my task.

Another song followed, but I could see little relevance in it, except that it seemed to be making fun of me. When it was over, the machine-gun officer, who was sitting next me, made some remark about the prospect of a move. I looked at his rather dark face, and wondered that I hadn't realized before it was my Indian friend, Shahid. Of course, he was supposed to be in Moscow, but that just showed that everything was working together. Ridiculous of him to keep up the pretence that I wasn't in the know. I can't remember what I said—I wanted reassurance after the last song—but my remarks were left in the air; during the next song this ignorance about one's own infancy opened up a rich field of speculation. Perhaps my philanthropist parents were not my parents at all. That explained my peculiar feeling about their friend, the founder of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things. I was one of her Brave Poor Things, and that was why I had been made the child hero of her book. And how had I requited all this kindness? I remembered a wild evening on leave. By turning my father's office into a disorderly house.

These particular reflections I kept to myself, and I don't know exactly what it was that caused me to be led to my tent by the carrot-haired transport officer.

My fancies soon dropped to a less exalted key. The transport officer's face shed an obscene shadow on the tent, confronting the shadow of my hanging kilt. That was it, I had disgraced the kilt. There it was written on the wall of the tent. The next day I lay in a tent at Sheik Saad hospital. The flap was open, and occasional

natives passed across my field of vision. Slouching slovens for the most part . . . Just what I was . . . That fellow who kept passing at intervals was just like myself, just the same profile. And there he was, putting up his hand to his nose, my native double insulting myself. A mule slowly and impassively excreted. A creature having neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity was well fitted to show contempt for me.

In the afternoon my colonel came to see me. This braced me, and I took a normal view of matters. I said there was no reason why I should be in hospital, and I hoped I could get back to the battalion. He nodded to me, told me I needed a rest, and gave me some books, including a slim volume of verse compiled by Maurice Baring from memory in remote parts of the world. I was much touched by the gift. That nod I was to meet many times from doctors and others during the next few weeks. I remember nothing of the poems except the strange acute pleasure they gave me. One of the books was "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," but although I thought the title significant, I read it only haphazard, opening a page here and there, reading in little groups of words, and seeing profound significances in chance associations even of syllables. Gertrude Stein would have been as lucid to me as Jane Austen.

In due course I was sent down to the base hospital at Amara. The news that I was to go down river disconcerted me. My battalion might now at any time be fighting its way up river. I felt that I was a quitter, but whenever I asked when I could go back, I was answered with a humouring nod, told not to worry and that I needed a rest. I spent perhaps two days at Amara, and I especially remember one night. The nights were chilly now, it was bright moonlight, and my tent was open. The bleached earth gleamed like snow, and I saw a small building in the moonlight. I thought it was a Swiss village church. I must have died by a simple act of will, by having completely mastered the will to live. I had

entered upon the next world, and this Andersen fairy tale country was a natural introduction to it.

I was now in the care of an orderly as a mental case. His rather offhand manner seemed to me quite natural to a new arrival in the next world, where there would be no distinction of rank. In the educative phase through which I was passing I should behave with humility, I proved a docile patient.

The journey down the Tigris to Basrah took about six days. As I lay on the deck of the little river steamer watching the flat country slowly floating past, I became filled with a wonderful sense of well-being, partly induced, perhaps, by a pleasant coolness after the long Mesopotamian summer. From time to time great flocks of birds about the size of starlings flew southward over the plain in an irregular switchback motion. An occasional group of Arabs washing clothes in the river seemed engaged in an ultra-mundane ritual rather than in a practical task. I felt no sense of tedium, further proof that I was qualifying for eternal life, and at the same time I enjoyed an excellent appetite, and as I devoured my bacon and eggs with gusto, I reflected on the pedantic presumption of those who had laid down that eating would have no place in the next life.

On the sixth day, as I was nearing Basrah, my conviction that I was in the next world was becoming blurred. I wrote some verses :—

Before me lies a weary plain
All brown and quivering.
Behind I feel the glassy main
With white sails shivering
In the steely haze. At once the sun
Slips down the brazen sky
To where earth, sea and sky are one.
With his last wink I'll die.

While waiting at Basrah for the ship which would take me to Bombay, I became a prey to religious broodings and apprehensions. Looking across the river through my window I could see two ships anchored near

the palms. The window had a sort of wire netting, and the mast of one of the ships showed us a cross that came and went according as I focussed my eyes.

The voyage to Bombay took some days in a comfortable steamer. I had some illusions regarding the personality of fellow passengers, but was lucid enough to enjoy the exceptionally good collection of bedside books in my cabin. I read Flaubert's " Salammbo " for the first time. Although I did not read into the work any special significances relating to myself, my fevered sensibility made me intimate with the book in an unusual way. It was something like the difference between plane and stereoscopic vision; the figures moved luminously in an unearthly glamour.

At Kolaaba hospital, Bombay, I was visited by the doctors, and received the usual nod in answer to my question when I would be returned to duty. The nod from the white-tunicked colonel in the I.M.S. was curt and military. The nabobs of the Indian Medical Service regard the actual practice of medicine as the function of their Eurasian and native assistants.

Bombay in December must be one of the loveliest cities in the world. There were wonderful trees at Kolaaba. The palm tree, the only tree I had seen for six months, is a hideous plant; when it repeats its dreary monotony in thousands, it becomes as repulsive as a plague of green caterpillars. The exhilaration of trees in foliage made me tingle with delight. Across the bay I could see some islands, in which the orderly said that tigers roamed.

I must have been nearly normal at this time, because I was allowed to go with an orderly into Bombay, but this proved to be only a lucid interval leading up to the most acute stage of my illness. My relapse followed the reading of a topical magazine similar to " Printer's Pie " in London. It was a hearty production with the usual kind of family jokes by the staff about one another, and some quite good humorous articles of a general nature.

It was the story of the mayor and the mules that set me off. Some dead mules had been washed ashore near Bombay, and the municipal authorities were so paralyzed by red tape that the mules could not be removed, and rotted on the shore. It became quite clear to me that the whole thing was a skit on my family. The mayor was my father, who was then living at a seaside town in England, while the antics of the mules seemed to have unmistakable reference to certain family episodes which I had retailed to the delectation of my friends. I do not know how long I brooded over the mayor and these mules, but I was plunged into a self-abasement which led to the most fantastic stage of my illness.

As MacDougall points out, patients may preserve a good recollection of their fancies. I made one or two efforts to set them down, and began one or two letters to a friend, but I destroyed such records again irritably. However, the process of trying to reduce them to words fixed some sort of verbal equivalent of some of them, and for a long time after I was discharged from hospital others would gain the life of active memory again, and could be watched against the background of reality like the reflection on windowpanes of a lighted carriage against the dark railway track.

The onset of this phase was full of horror. I looked in the mirror one evening, and my face seemed to fall to pieces like a quick-moving film. Then it seemed to me that the houses across the courtyard were hollow frames, their windows sightless eyes; I myself seemed to be hollow, and could feel the wind blow through me.

One night I got out of bed and looked in at the next cubicle—they were open to the courtyard. A light shining from beyond the bed, in which an elderly gentleman was sleeping, fell on an object so that it looked like a shining dumbell. Fist, "Faust," I thought. I felt a wave of demonic energy surge through me. It was the symbol of the Faustian age, the new age which I was to usher in.

I went back to my own bed, where other fancies suggested themselves, as I lay with my neck craned back, looking at two beams which made a cross behind me. The arms of the cross seemed to be shooting little sparks out to infinity, to infinity and back at enormous strain. As I looked at the beams they seemed to bulge slightly at the centre with the effort with which I became identified. That was the universe—lines shooting to infinity with a tiny twist that brought them back—out and home, out and home, myriads and myriads. And when, in an æon they all came back at the same time, something new was born. But there was always the risk that something would escape, get outside, be lost in the outer darkness. The atonement on the Cross was the effort once and for all to comprehend this risk. It seemed that I had the choice whether physical pain should be retained in the universe or not, and that I decided it was necessary as a safeguard against the possibility of spiritual desolation.

Having made this decision on behalf of the universe, I felt appeased, and the course of my fancy changed. By placing my finger-tips together with the thumbs pointing towards my navel I was forcing the course of time backwards. "Back to the beginnings," I chanted, "back to the beginnings." The scroll of time rapidly rolled up. As I got nearer to Adam there was a slowing down, a quietness. But always there was outside the sound of an old man's footsteps (actually someone walking in the courtyard). Always the old man waiting outside. The father waiting at the birth.

I was now back at the Serpent. The serpent's tongue was the principle of evil. Speech, blasphemy was the root of all evil—and of all achievement. "Blaaaspheeeme," I chanted ecstatically. "Bla-a-a-s-s-phee-em . . . Blaspheeeeem."

I have set down these fantasies in some connected order, but I am very uncertain as to their order and succession, and as to the number of nights over which they were spread.

I had my daytime fantasies also. There were many chocolate-coloured babies near the hospital, some of them of an extraordinary beauty, the race of the future, I thought, and one of them looked at me from the stone steps leading to a house with eyes that seemed divine.

Sometimes again, as at Sheik Saad, I saw others as a projection of myself. That youth there walking amongst the shrubs was myself as a lad. The youth did not perceive how the shrubs nodded kindly to one another after he passed, and seemed to stroke his back, for they were all his friends, but he thought they were unconscious. So he went mouching along, round-shouldered, his back convex with guilt and self-consciousness, and he never saw the smiling shrubs behind. This fantasy was related to the earlier phase, when I believed that I had passed into the next world by an act of will, and I was again in nurseryland. Some of the bushes were nursery-book characters, such as the sheep in Alice.

The next days were tranquil, and I must have behaved quietly and kept to myself my reflections, which were similar in tone to those of the river voyage, for I used to take a short daily walk with a middle-aged Eurasian S. & T. officer to a large rubbish heap, on which he would sit, because it accorded with his particular self-depreciative mania.

On Christmas morning I was taken for a walk by the orderly. I knew it was Christmas Day, and I thought he would take me to church, and that I should meet my friends and relations, and everything would be explained. But he wouldn't take me to church. He said it was too late, and then I kept on expecting to meet them all returning from church. In the afternoon the orderly took me to the St. John's Ambulance hospital. The name seemed to me well chosen—*ambulare*, to stroll; John, the beloved disciple. The inmates were brown, Indian soldiers I suppose. For some reason I identified one of them as Lazarus, I don't remember which Lazarus. He answered to the name with a winning smile.

I must have relapsed again before leaving Kolaaba, as I have no memory of embarking. The predominant impression was that of a refrain set to the thud of the propeller: "Over and under and under and over and inside and outside and outside in." When I was taken for exercise on deck an occasional shout from the horizon would break into the refrain, it seemed just as the shouter disappeared below the distant waves. Sometimes there was an alternating refrain in half time, the end of it tailing off in the vague melody of the waters: We'll be at Dover when you are . . . We'll be at Dover when you a-aah . . haaahaaa . . .;" and then quicker to the thud of the screw, "you will be inside when we are outside . . . over and under and under and over . . ."

I thought that the spirits of those I had known in the world were somehow about me, near and yet inaccessible, as objects removed into the fourth dimension. These beings were profoundly unhappy. Something had gone irremediably wrong, and it was all my fault. There was a stiff breeze now, and the chanting was determined by the wash of the waters, the overtones of the waves, rather than by the rhythm of machinery. "The gaa-aaa-tes of he-e-e-ll . . . wee-ee-ping wea-ea-eaving . . ." the dirge, too, was sometimes broken by a shout on the horizon, a short, sharp "Hell!"

A pre-occupation towards the end of my stay at Kolaaba had been that babies did actually come from heaven. The real life was in heaven, and from time to time the heavenly family, which was composed of my own relations and friends, sent one of their number into the world as a witless infant, in order that he might by his sojourn on earth make experiences whereby the heavenly life would be enriched. The generality of folk on earth were not real at all; they were an illusion, provided as material for the member whose turn it was to make the earthly pilgrimage. Now, in some way which was not quite clear to me, but it was in the nature of giving away a secret, I had committed the Great

Betrayal, that nightmare of nineteen centuries, the sin against the Holy Ghost. I was the awful child of the nursery, who told the others that Father Christmas was Uncle Charles, and who didn't join in the games. I had not only put myself outside, but the others, innocent, were lost too, wailing their eternal dirge over the wastes of water. "Noel, no hell," I thought, "L., my initial." "Crime and Punishment," Dostoyevsky's novel—crime and the pun that is meant.

During my exercise on deck I noticed another patient, a pale, bearded, emaciated man, who also walked with an orderly. In the middle of each fifty-yard beat we met. My orderly told me that this patient believed himself to be guilty of the unforgivable sin. Surely, I thought, I could persuade him that the guilt was mine, not his. But his sad eyes seemed aware of no one; there was a gentle dignity in his bearing, which made him difficult of approach. In the end I felt I must speak, not so much to relieve him of his error, as perhaps seeking some sort of absolution for myself from this Christ-like person. "Of course, you know, it's all my fault," I said, or something like that. He paused, looked at or beyond me with his eyes of unutterable sadness, seemed to shake his head a little, and continued his interrupted walk.

My next memory is of a small chamber in the hold of the ship, where I lay on a mattress. "Down to the tadpole that took the wrong turning," the screw thudded derisively, in scorn of the notion that I was the principle of Evil. Once it seemed to me as though my elder brother and a friend of ours called Boris were looking for me. Boris used to make a noise rather like a sneeze to express anything from enthusiasm to disgust, and one day he seemed to pass quite close to me with my brother, and to make this noise, as though realizing my proximity, a snort of utter contempt.

Again the mood of self-abasement passed. I began to recite to myself the soliloquies of Faust and the opening hymn of the heavenly bodies. In my understanding of

Faust surely I had some worth. And then my fancies took another turn ; I thought that the ship and those she carried were the sole survivors of the human race. She was being captained by my elder brother. I felt demonic power surge through me. It was my will to burst the ship asunder ; she and all she carried should be lost in the waves, and as we plunged through heavier seas, I felt that at any moment my will might prevail against my brother, whose will was holding the ship together. " Die A. O. Ewigkeit," I sang in the fullness of joy, pronouncing the vowels in the German way. I had sung the same words in Bombay, as I watched the kites (keir=kite) wheeling when they scavenged the city's refuse.

This phase of exhilaration was paid for with another relapse into gloom, but the gloom was much mitigated by a more intelligent awareness of my fellows. I was no longer confined to the cell, or whatever it was, and spent my days with three or four orderlies or ship's cooks. One of them allowed me to take a hand at washing up, and treated me with a sort of kindly severity which acted as a beneficient tonic. There was a tall man who was a bit harsh and domineering, but not excessively so, and there was a little man the memory of whom is a puzzle to me. He was rather witless, and the others treated him as a fool ; he may have been a patient, but I think he was more probably the regimental or ship's idiot. Most regiments have one. Teased affectionately by their comrades, they lead a sunny existence free from harassing cares or responsibilities, and rarely exposed to the severer perils or hardships of soldiering. This little man used sometimes to look at me and then smile to himself, as though at some secret joke which we two understood. This used to make me laugh, and then his smile would deepen, and he would turn away and chuckle to himself.

Before the end of the voyage I was on deck again. When I landed the country was in the grip of a severe frost, and this no doubt contributed to my exhilaration

as we came up the channel. As I watched the gulls in the ship's wake weaving their effortless curves passing and re-passing in front of each other, but never so that two gulls were in line, wherein I thought lay the secret of harmony, I felt as much identified with their flight as with the undulating motion of the ship's stern.

I must have been below as we entered Southampton Water, for I have no memory of seeing the coast. I don't think I realized I was coming back to England. A swift motor drive through the frost-bound countryside with two male nurses induced the notion that I was on some significant mission, the meaning of which was shortly to be revealed.

My room in Netley hospital overlooked a garden; the winter shrubs and trees, and the winter smell of mould reminded of staying in some house in the English country many years before. I could not identify the place, but it was as though I had always been living there in a kind of perpetual present, to which I had now returned.

By an odd chance my companions at breakfast next morning were two German naval officers, a fact which I found most stimulating, but they did not appreciate my assigning to them the personalities of Nietsche and Wagner, for the following morning I breakfasted alone, and when I asked the orderly what had become of the Germans he said they had complained that they needed quiet. I enjoyed having the room to myself, and experienced again the sensation of having demonic energy course through me, as I walked round the long table, my fingertips pressed resilient against each other, composing the quarrel between Dostoyevsky, my right hand, and Turgeniev, my left. I sang out their full names with full-throated gusto, especially Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoyevski.

From Netley I was taken to a country house on Ham Common, Richmond, which had been converted into a mental hospital. I don't know whether I was taken by

car or by train—as I remember nothing of some of my moves, it has occurred to me that patients may be given a sleeping draught before a transfer. At Latchmere House I was lodged in a room very much like a police cell, having an extremely soft mattress flush with the floor. In the door was a small oblong pane of thick glass through which the male nurses could observe me. One of them used to shave me, using an excessively blunt razor. I thought the process was an important ritual act, that I had the stiffest beard in the world, and that the lather and bristles were carefully preserved for their energizing value. I endured the painful scraping with patience, as a king might endure some physical discomfort incidental to a ceremony.

Before the end of February I was taken for my first walk in the beautiful grounds of Latchmere. It was a windy day, bright with drifting clouds. The brilliant ball of the sun seemed to be riding through light cloud, and I hailed it with the line *Ihre vorgeschriebne Reise vollendet sie mit Donnergang*. I thought I heard an answering shout from the heavens.

After a few days I became calmer, and was transferred from " the acute," as the new building with the cell-like cubicles was called, to the house itself, where I shared a bedroom with a most talented young Irishman. We discovered illuminating profundities in each other's gibberish, but our laughter was so immoderate that to my sorrow the Irishman was moved.

Soon afterwards my parents paid me a visit. My father, who had been attending a function in London, laid his top-hat on the bedside table, whereat it suddenly became clear to me that he and my mother were really a couple of itinerant magicians. However, I respected their incognito, and while my father had some conversation with the doctor, I tried to get some light on my fancies from my mother, who told me that I had a lesion in the brain. This explained more to her than to me, but its effect was more salutary than a conversation I

had soon afterwards with an eminent psycho-analyst, who visited the hospital, and assigned my fancies to the "father principle" in emotion or to the "mother principle." His theories seemed to have no bearing at all on my own illusions, and I also told him that he made the wrong attributions as between the parents, but he blandly ignored my objections; however, this conversation helped to dissipate increasing doubts as to the validity of my illusions, and accelerated a relapse into which I was falling.

Soon afterwards I was sent back to the acute, but by now I was definitely on the road to recovery. I was much more aware of the other patients, and noticed the different sorts of treatment which they received from the male nurses. I remember particularly one little tight-lipped fellow, who was always looking up into the sky, muttering as though he were on the point of discovering the solution of a problem which vexed him. He was walked round the grounds rather roughly by one of the warders holding on to his wrist.

"Male nurse" is the correct designation for these attendants, but it seems natural to speak of them as warders, and one of them told me that it was his ambition to be employed in H.M.'s prisons. It is, no doubt, more dignified to be in charge of persons who observe the usual conventions in their behaviour towards you than of persons who may assign to you at their own caprice any personality from the deity downwards.

The general discipline of the establishment encouraged an ambition to get better. It was more agreeable to walk round the grounds with a fellow patient than with a warder, and there were several other privileges, culminating in croquet with the M.O., as the reward of convalescence. The attitude of one's fellow patients contributed to the same end. Emulation easily adapts itself to the environment, and the sanity snobbery of a mental institution acts as an incentive as soon as the patient's emotional reactions have steadied. My own recovery was

probably hastened by the behaviour of a little Yorkshireman who would be perfectly normal for about a week, and then begin to get incoherent and excited, burst into loud laughter over nothing, whirr through his teeth as though he were winding himself up, and duly end in the padded cell from which he would emerge after a couple of days as quiet as before. A popular jibe at Latchmere was, " He sucks his sponge and drinks his bath-water." To those in the acute the patients in the house seemed to move in a superior world, and the fact that a patient, having influence in the world outside, might be promoted to the house, although still addicted to his own bath-water, probably acted as a greater spur to endeavour.

In the next few weeks I progressed fairly rapidly through the various stages of walking in the grounds with another patient, walking alone, walking out with another patient, promotion to the house, walking out alone, until in due course I was discharged to normal life. For quite a long time I was considerably depressed —the illness had no doubt exhausted my nerves—and I hankered after the fading memory of my illusions as a drug-addict may hanker after the effects of his drug.

Irish Mentality

By H. R. Chillingworth

IF Nature ever intended anything, she intended the union of Great Britain and Ireland. As man and wife can supply one another's deficiencies, so Great Britain and Ireland should be mutually helpful. Yet, after seven hundred years—not, perhaps, a long period in the life of nations—one of the partners is calling for a divorce, or, shall we say in deference to Irish sentiment, a declaration of nullity? And, to facilitate the court's proceedings, attempts are being made to prove that the country's sex has been mistaken; that Ireland is not, as we all have thought, Kathleen na Houlihaun nor even the Shan Van Vocht. Ireland is not a female, and Mr. Lemass and other experts are trying hard to prove it or to make it a male.

As Kathleen the country is much more attractive. Unfortunately, despite assertions to the contrary, her sons are not so proud of their mother as they might be. They suffer badly from a sense of inferiority, and Kathleen is to blame for their unfortunate complex. Sections of the Irish population, the Northern majority and the so-called Anglo-Irish of the South, have never suffered from this complex, and have never desired complete political separation from Britain. In the eighteenth century, it is true, Britain's selfish treatment of her neighbour produced much hostile feeling among the Anglo-Irish, and sectarian discrimination drove the Presbyterians to the verge of rebellion, and many of them beyond the verge.

But these people developed no inferiority complex; if they were denied their full rights by the State, they were denied none by their Church. As church members they were democrats. Their minds were free. They had the Bible, that book in which everyone found the religion he looked for, and they were encouraged to read the Bible. If they felt themselves imprisoned in the orthodoxy of their time and place, like Christian they had only to put their hands into their bosoms to find the key that

would give them freedom. Heresy was as certain to arise as in the early centuries, though among the sober minds of the North it took less fantastic forms than it had taken among the hair-splitting theologians of Alexandria and Asia Minor.

The inferiority complex, which England did so much to create, has done more to keep Ireland and England apart than any other difference, native or acquired. Ireland differs from England in religion, and in no country are religious differences negligible; but Catholic Ireland would have got on well enough with Protestant England if England had not for generations made Ireland's religion a political and—what was worse—a social handicap. The Irish Catholic Majority has, on the whole, got on well with the Protestants in the long period in which the Protestants have been unprotected by privilege. Irish Catholics can be, and have been, fanatical, but, left to themselves, they are probably more tolerant than Protestants. They can be politically intolerant, but they are inclined to leave religious questions to those whom they regard as alone qualified to deal with them.

A Catholic does not worry himself with obstinate questionings about matters on which his church has given a judgment. He " knows " that his Church is right, and, if he is a kind-hearted man, he probably regards more in sorrow than in anger people born into another religion. On the other hand, a Protestant has no priest to settle religious questions for him. So it may easily happen that a conscientious and narrow-minded Protestant will imitate, as far as conditions permit, those zealous brethren who begged their Master to bring down fire from heaven upon the unorthodox Samaritans. He and his religion would be a nuisance, if Protestants were not individualists; but that sense of personal responsibility which makes narrow-minded Protestants potential persecutors is pretty certain to impel others, less narrow-minded but equally conscientious, to thwart their brethren's projects. In the body politic liberty is the best cure for licence, as in the

human body castor oil, not chalk mixture, is in most cases the best cure for analogous disorder.

Chalk mixture is preferred in Ireland. Ireland is a country in which censorships thrive, in which discipline is maintained by the use of the stick. Human nature is distrusted. Cynicism is in the air. The country is intensely Catholic. Ireland is " the Pope's green isle." In the whole conduct of life the country is ruled by Rome. In its most intimate concerns it is directed by a hierarchy which, though native, is not national. The country has no voice in the appointment of its religious guides, nor has it any control over the vast sums spent on the upkeep of its ecclesiastical system. That system is the very opposite of the political system, the system which the country owes to England. How the country can accommodate itself to both systems is a mystery. Does it in fact accommodate itself to them ? To judge from what has happened in other Catholic countries into which liberal institutions have been introduced, one would suspect that the accommodation was defective, and was unlikely to be lasting. But, so far, all is quiet on the Church's Western front. If there are Catholics who cannot bring mental habits formed in political life into accord with the discipline of the Church, they are compelled by circumstances to keep their dissatisfaction to themselves. In the face of the common enemy, peace must be preserved between democracy and despotism.

The Church of the Majority is not a national church. Its clergy, though natives of the country in which they serve, owe unquestioning obedience to a foreign ruler. Perhaps for that reason, as well as for a nobler, they do their best, within the narrow limits set by ecclesiastical discretion, to forward the political ambitions of their countrymen. They were almost to a man Home Rulers. They probably welcomed the winning of Dominion status, though the more thoughtful may have had misgivings respecting the means by which it had been won. But beyond Dominion status it is unlikely that the Roman

Church as a whole desires the country to proceed. Even if an Irish republic handed over to it some of the old cathedrals and parish churches which have been Protestant property since the Reformation, it might think the shutting of English doors against its missionaries too big a price to pay for increased possessions.

Curiously enough, it is the non-national character of the Roman Church in Ireland that ensures its safety, and is likely to ensure it for many years. Large sections of the Majority have displayed a ludicrous hostility to anything tending, however remotely, to assimilate Irish with British civilization. Gaels (so-called) would banish British games from the country (with the exception of golf), though, as a matter of fact, rugby football was never so popular in Ireland as it has become in the last decade, and even that typically English game, cricket, flourishes in Irish Catholic schools. Gaels would banish the English language, or, at any rate, would reduce it to the level of a mere business medium, and they would like to see the entry of English newspapers and periodicals into the country made as difficult as possible. Yet the same Gaels are loyal sons of a church whose official language is Latin, and in their whole lives they submit to a discipline originating in Southern Europe, mitigated no doubt by the moral influence of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The confession box is as important as the ballot box.

Two suggestions may be offered to account for the country's simultaneous allegiance to absolutism and democracy. It may be that, at heart, the country desires absolutism in the State as in the Church; that it is working an inherited political machine which it will get rid of, either piecemeal or all at once, when opportunity serves. But, though there is reason to believe that a large section of the Irish people, perhaps the largest section, would be content to commit the country's future to the rule of a Hitler or a Mussolini, I think that the country's inconsistent loyalties can best be explained by the fact that, in the Penal days, clergy and laity shared

common misfortunes ; that pastor and flock have common racial traditions, and, for the most part, belong to the same class ; and that membership of the mighty Roman Church has satisfied the herd instinct which was frustrated by the Irish failure to build a nation. The poor Irish peasant, like the persecuted Apostle, was proudly conscious of his Roman citizenship ; and though Rome could not save him from the rapacity of England, its Pope possessed the key of Heaven, a region in which the King's writ did not run, and into which the heretic " planter," except by special flavour, did not enter.

Ascendancy has long been non-existent in the eyes of the Law. During the nineteenth century, from the Emancipation of the Catholics to 1873, the year of Fawcett's University Act, the remnants of the system were being legally destroyed. Only the aged among us remember the Church of Ireland as a State establishment. On the other hand, the youngest may still come upon traces of the old privileges. Ascendancy did not die when the Church of the Minority was disestablished. The times have been that, when the brains were out, the man would die ; but Disestablishment did not deprive the Minority of brains. The Protestants continued to prosper, and, having a great deal of the money of the country, they continued to have social power out of proportion to their numbers. And, since to him that hath shall be given, the Majority had reason to fear an increase in this social power. It is noteworthy that one of the first articles of the Free State Constitution is intended to make practically impossible the acceptance of titles of honour—titles of honour conferred by the King. In the Free State you may become a Papal Count, but you cannot accept even a knighthood from the King of England. The conferring of a Papal title does something, however little, towards raising the social importance of the Majority ; a title from the King is more likely to add to the prestige of the Minority.

Now, though the sense of social inferiority and the envy that accompanies it have been behind the anti-British movements of the country, I am far from suggesting that they have been the country's only motives. Nationalism has not been merely envy disguised. Nationality is, and has been, a genuine need of the Irish people. It is something which Ireland has had very little of in the course of its history. Some people would go so far as to say that there has never been an Irish nation. Before the historical invasions began, nationality seems to have been so weakened by tribalism as to be of little importance ; and since the invasions (of Danes, Normans, and English) the country has never had a period of unforced unity. The " historic Irish nation " seems to be a fiction, and " a nation once again " to be no more than the utterance of a longing for something which so far has never existed. But the longing is genuine enough ; it is an extension of the longing for social equality. If a social revolution had not been desired, the political revolution would not have been begun.

What is the nation to be ? The loudest voices some time ago were calling for the re-establishment of the Gaelic State. But this was mere bunkum. We are Irishmen, not Gaels, and few of us, I think, really desire the re-establishment of a polity which failed at every invasion. The Gaelicization of Ireland means no more than its de-Anglicization. At present, no doubt, to many minds it means something more. Thousands of pounds are being spent by the Government on what is called the revival of the Irish language, and everyone who is looking for a Government-paid job is spelling his name as it might have been spelled at Clonmacnoise a thousand years ago ; but, when the country comes to see that the language cannot be revived, and that, anyhow, its revival is not in the least degree necessary to nationality, it will be found that Gaelicization has meant all along little more than national self-realization.

That little more, however, is of enormous importance. If the Majority is determined to destroy that side of Irish life which is represented by the Minority, gross injustice will be done, and lasting trouble may be expected. A twenty-six county republic—for even a dominion including the six northern counties has seemed past hoping for since Mr. de Valera and his friends dealt with the Anglo-Irish Treaty as the Irish Parliament of 1692 dealt with the Treaty of Limerick—would be to the Minority what the Majority felt the United Kingdom to be—a democracy indeed, but a democracy in which the voices of the Minority would be always drowned by those of the Majority. As things are, the voices of the Minority, if not quite drowned, are unheeded; but the members of that party have at least the feeling that they belong to a wider and perhaps more sympathetic community; they feel, in fact, much as the Catholic Irishman of the Penal times felt when he thought of Rome.

It is to be hoped that, whatever arrangements may be made to end the "economic war" between Ireland and Great Britain, the terms will include the retention of Southern Ireland in the Empire. Home Rule would probably have been the best solution of the Irish problem, but Home Rule is now merely an historical curiosity; there is no going back from dominion status. Dominion status, moreover, though perhaps from the practical point of view less desirable than Home Rule, is ideally superior. It gives the Majority as much liberty as a small community can expect, and along with liberty a sense of security which hardly any small independent community has or can hope for. And it makes possible the existence in the country of a loyal and contented Minority, not strong enough to hinder the progress of the nation along its chosen path, but, on the other hand, not so weak as to be negligible as a moral and intellectual force. Its loyalty to the Empire might come in time to be recognized as being as compatible with loyalty to Ireland as the patriotism of the Majority is believed to be compatible with loyalty to the Church.

Courtship and Play in Animals

By Gilbert Coleridge

WE are accustomed in speaking of man's desire to mate, if not accompanied by ideal surroundings and thoughts and due regard to restraint, to call it mere animal desire, or by the uglier term of lust, and yet among the lower animals we see as much diversity in the preliminaries of courtship as in man. In some cases they display more sentiment, if such a term be applicable to animals, than the people who advertise for a spouse in the newspapers, or who on a first interview rush off to the nearest Registrar to be married.

It must be remembered that among most animals the mating season is of short duration, and that " gather ye roses while ye may " is advice particularly applicable to them ; consequently, in the case of polygamous and promiscuous animals the mating is accompanied by many ugly characteristics associated with bestial desire. The red deer stag drives his harem like a flock of sheep, prodding them occasionally with his horns, and one is tempted to suspect that they are sometimes terrorised into compliance. Again, among some winged insects, the season, even for promiscuous intercourse, is short, and largely dependent on fine weather conditions. Indeed, I think it may be taken as a general rule that, the nearer you get to polygamy, the more brutal and unlovely are the accompaniments of the act of mating ; there is no exercise of forbearance, no asking or waiting for favours, and no affection displayed to temper the mad rush to satisfy the instinctive desire. But as we approach monogamy, we find modifications of these brutal and elemental instincts creeping in, germs of the social virtues whereby we see Nature blindly stretching forth and upwards from darkness towards the light, habits dimly pointing to better things, showing some leaven of loving-kindness in even a brute's honeymoon.

And, after all, the superior races of mankind have

emerged but slowly, step by step through the ages, and with many a struggle, from the slough of promiscuity and polygamy, and we constantly find in the teachings of some neo-this or neo-that the retrograde argument that man is by nature polygamous, that he should fulfil his life—some of them call it destiny—that his nature requires change, that the artist especially should form many and various connections in order to do the best work, and that a man should follow his own " temperament " —a word, like charity, covering a multitude of sins ; but the fact remains that the strongest and most civilised nations have adopted monogamy.

There have been experiments in polygamy among Western nations which have not been successes, such as that of the Mormons ; unless you may call it a success to populate and make fertile a district hitherto barren. But perhaps the most striking failure of such ideas may be found in a book called " Where Socialism Failed," by Mr. Stewart Grahame, in which is recorded an honest attempt of a band of enthusiasts to break away from all restraints of religion and social custom and found a Garden of Eden of their own in South America, where Nature is kind, and where life may be supported at a small cost of labour. Free-love—a high-sounding term, but an ill-assorted union of two beautiful words, for love can never be free—was practised, and it was found that glowing ideals of the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman were sorry substitutes for an organised system of law, social order, and virtuous restraint. The book is melancholy to read, for, though the ideals were founded on equality and unselfishness, they proved to be hopelessly unworkable in practice, resulting in a dwindling community living in squalor in the most fertile country in the world.

But, to repeat, the monogamic instinct, though not common among animals, seems to produce a softening and refining influence over the intercourse ; the attachment becomes more permanent, and the devotion and

companionship between the parents become firmer, especially when they share in the nurture of their young. I must not be supposed to argue, however, that the feelings of animals towards each other spring from anything so high as the sentiment and love which bind human beings to one another, but only that they evoke characteristics analogous and somewhat similar, for I am aware of the danger of reading into the habits and feelings of animals sentiments purely human; but that there is a germ of what we call affection in their relations I have no doubt whatever.

We are told by naturalists that, even in the case of monogamous animals, mating for life is not practised from any ideal motive, but simply because their instinctive tendencies have taken this line of direction; instinct and convenience have happened to coincide in particular cases, and perhaps this is the reason why monogamy is comparatively rare. Among some birds, for instance, the explanation is "that they possess the social temper, and live in pairs because they cannot afford to live in flocks," and this may be true; but I wish to lay stress on the fact that monogamy, when adopted by a species, brings out the most beautiful and lovable traits—traits so admirable as almost to deceive one into thinking that they must be exercised in conformity with an ideal, but when we ponder over the matter, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that they are not. There is the obvious devotion of the pair for each other, the institution of a common home, the common defence and protection of that home, the mutual help towards the rearing of the brood, the delight in each other's company, as evinced by the calls and songs to one another when within earshot, and a thousand little signs of affection. Thus we find every variety in the methods of courtship and mating, from these unselfish and loving habits down to the brutal and cannibal acts of certain spiders.

But even where promiscuity is practised, we do not always find a mad rush to satisfy the sexual impulse,

but rather certain milder traits, in which the male lays himself out to please the female, who exercises a voluntary selection in the choice of her wooers. Darwin says that "in a large number of species the females are endowed with a faculty corresponding to the æsthetic feeling or taste in man, and deliberately select males for their superiority in some æsthetic quality, e.g., graceful or fantastic motions, melody of voice, brilliancy of colour and perfection of ornaments," not always yielding to mere brute strength.

I suppose, therefore, that in animal life there are no happy compensations for the ugly, as there are sometimes among mankind, when a beautiful woman chooses for her husband some rough uncouth man, exemplifying the parable of Beauty and the Beast, and where she finds in her man striking qualities not of the showy kind. Of the fascinations of ugliness and deformity there are none among the beasts, so far as I can see, for the victory lies with the beautiful, the accomplished, and the strong. Among birds it is the male who, during the pairing season, is all glorious in his nuptial plumage, and it is by showing himself off to the best advantage and by spreading himself to her view that he finds favour with his mate. It is a lovely sight, to take common examples, to see a water wagtail spread out his tail like a beautiful fan, exposing the pure white of his feathers for the delectation of his mistress, or even a common pigeon puffing out his breast and sweeping the ground with the skirts of his tail.

Having observed how often the male bird is baulked of his wishes and is rejected, I cannot subscribe to the belief of Professor Groos that the female yields either to superior strength or because, wearied by importunate attentions, she is persecuted into compliance. In his "Play of Animals" he says that "the probability is that seldom or never does the female exert any choice. She is not the awarder of the prize, but rather a hunted creature." He considers that the excited condition nec-

essary for pairing, and also a certain difficulty in its execution, are both useful for the preservation of the species—a somewhat large assumption, be it observed—and he asks you to grant these two conditions before accepting his theory, which he describes as follows: "Instead of a conscious or unconscious choice, of which we know nothing certain, we have the need of overcoming the instinctive coyness in the female, a fact familiar enough, but not sufficiently accounted for. Then the question is no longer which among her suitors will be chosen by the female, but which one has the qualities that can overcome the reluctance of the female whom he woos."

But when he postulates coyness as a necessary and invariable attribute of the female, he seems to me to make as great an assumption as that of æsthetic choice. Nay more, he gives numerous instances, quoted from other writers, where the female draws on the male by the most obvious arts of flirtation, which point to a conscious effort to attain the desired end. At the same time, I am bound to admit that Professor Lloyd Morgan goes some way towards subscribing to the same view, for he puts it that the play in courtship of the male is made necessary by the instinctive coyness of the female; she gains experience "in the light of which a perceptional choice may be made, a choice of impulse raised by the situation, not the result of choice."

Now it is not without some misgiving that I venture to differ from authorities so eminent, but from cases I have observed I should have said that coyness is not an invariable characteristic of the female, and that she constantly assumes the rôle of pretended coyness in order to lead on the male, and Professor Groos admits as much in his remarks on "make-belief" when he describes those arts with the greatest particularity. So far from always being the hunted creature, yielding reluctantly, she has often seemed to me to exercise complete freedom of choice, and her coyness, natural or assumed, gives way, not from

persecution, but because she has willingly accepted the male, and I cannot recall a single instance among the higher forms of animals in which that view may not be taken. Sometimes she is distinctly bored and will have none of him, and I have seen him submit to snub after snub, occasionally painful ones, and finally give over until he can hit on a time when she is more in the humour for lovemaking. She is like the lady who says to her lover, " You shan't kiss me to-day, you did not shave this morning." What, in effect, she says to him is probably, " Cannot you see I am busy ? I want another worm or two " ; and she goes on her way, ignoring him completely. And I believe my observation would be confirmed by the majority of field naturalists, for surely the theory of conscious choice on the part of the female can be supported by as many facts in nature as the opposite view, though that choice may not be always exercised.

Speaking of the æsthetic qualities in birds, Mr. J. G. Millais, in his " British Diving Ducks," relates that he saw a Satin Bower Bird in the Zoo " pick the only daisy in his pen in the western aviary and hold it for twenty minutes (by my watch) in the face of the female." The poor swain was evidently doing his best with very inadequate material, and perhaps the female soul hankered after roses and orchids, but at any rate this pathetic little glimpse into bird life does not support the idea of persecution, except in the sense that a beggar persecutes.

The fact that the preliminaries of courtship are accompanied by friendly play, gambols and dances would seem to militate against the above theory, and perhaps the reason why the love affairs of nearly all domestic animals are so gross and shameless is because they have no opportunity given them of cultivating the arts of courting ; their lives are so restricted and artificial that the exercise of the graces of lovemaking is not possible for lack of time, just as the advent of a telephonic and hurried age has destroyed the art of letter-writing. But turn them out again into the wild, and I should not be

surprised if they soon became more leisurely and graceful in their love passages.

* * *

The basis of play among animals is attributed by some to a superabundance of vitality, the cheerfulness that attends perfect health, and by others to instinct, and the same diversity of opinion as to its mainspring has been held as in the larger controversy respecting instinct and reason. The arguments to a limited extent cover the same ground. The attitude of thinkers and philosophers in dealing with these problems was admirably described by Schiller many years ago, and is true to-day. " Nature," he says, " may affect us ever so expressively and ever so variously, but it is all lost upon us because we look for nothing in her manifestations that we have not already read into them, because we will not permit her to make the first advances, but are always trying with impatient, ambitious reasoning to approach her. Then, when, in the course of centuries, comes one who draws near to her with a quiet, modest and receptive mind, and lights upon innumerable phenomena which we, by our preoccupation, have overlooked, we are amazed indeed that so many eyes should not have seen them before in such clear light." Here, with prophetic insight, he seems to have anticipated the genius of Darwin, and he continues thus : " It is difficult to say whether mere sentiment which assumes no definite form, or much reasoning tending to no purport, has interfered more with our progress in knowledge."

It is not thinkers and philosophers in their cabinets, able theorists and controversialists though they be, to whom we shall look in the future for guidance, but rather to the field naturalist, who lays bloodless siege to Nature with his camera, stalking animals with infinite patience, waiting and watching for hours, days, maybe for weeks, in order to get a good picture. These, from their extended experience and observation, are quite as likely to arrive at the truth as the student whose tendency is to fit

particular facts to the view which he is tempted to maintain.

For observe how men's minds have altered with regard to the debated subject of instinct. For some time indeed, the theory of instinct was repudiated by a large body of savants, and it was said that we did not sufficiently recognise " the agency of imitation, memory, observation, and reason, as often forming part of it " ; and then, with the natural swing of the pendulum, these views gave place to a too large attribution of all animal acts to instinct. Animal automatism has also competed well in the race of thought. The safest view, however, seems to be that animals do inherit certain instincts from their ancestors, which instincts are shaped and modified by intelligence, and Professor Groos puts it well when he says that " play is the result of theintelligent activity of preceding generations, a form of hereditary skill." When you roll a " ping-pong " ball in front of a kitten, the family skill in catching mice instinctively urges it to play with it, and, in doing so, it not only derives enjoyment, but gets practice for future exploits on live prey. The desire to play is probably fundamentally instinctive, but other incentives no doubt combine to produce it, not only good spirits, but the deliberate choice of the animal to amuse itself. When a dog comes up and gambols round me, or presents to me a stick to throw, it is not exclusively instinctive, or wholly the result of a good meal ; he is bored with his own company, for he cannot play by himself ; he sees me there, and says with every joyous flourish of his tail, " Come and have a game ! " He suggests it to me as I would suggest a game of golf with a friend.

Professor Groos raises the phenomena of play to a high pinnacle of importance by saying that animals do not play because they are young, but that they have their youth because they must play, and that " animals cannot be said to play because they are young and frolicsome, but rather they have a period of youth in order to play and supplement the insufficient hereditary endowment

with individual experience, in view of the coming tasks of life."

Of course we must admit that, the higher an animal is in the scale of nature, the longer is the period of adolescence and the preparation for the battle of life, and we must agree that the educative effect of play, which is generally recognised, must not be underestimated, but must we put the cart before the horse and say that animals cannot be said to play because they are young and frolicsome, and that what is certainly proved to be of use in after-life by way of education is the basis of the whole thing and not only incidental ? The view is doubtless tenable, but it eliminates the soul, the *joie de vivre*, from life, and I shrink from adopting it. If applied to mankind, it might well be said that the child who turns somersaults on his bed does so in order to fit himself for, let us say, falls in the hunting field. No doubt he does so incidentally, and quickens his reflexes in tucking in his head, but a state of high spirits is surely the basis of his action. In like manner, a puppy dog who chases his tail in a circle does not necessarily learn how to chase another animal with success, though he undoubtedly increases his general activity by the game.

There is another aspect of play, moreover, which is not alluded to in books on the subject. May it not be regarded as the inarticulate sketch for the hymn of praise ? Is it not something analogous to the case of the neophyte, formerly an acrobat, who showed his devotion by standing on his head and juggling with his feet in front of the image of the Virgin in order to please her ? Is the view too extravagant that play is a kind of dumb, joyous recognition of the blessings of good health, expressed in spontaneous acts evoked by happy surroundings in a spirit of thanks ?

Sometimes play takes a malicious form, and Professor Groos gives many instances from various authors of animals teasing others of another species out of a pure spirit of mischief, acts which do not seem to be educa-

tionally useful, but which he attributes to a belligerent desire to provoke. I cannot think this theory is of universal or even frequent application. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe that the raccoon, for instance—a case quoted from Beckmann—which was "specially attached to a badger in the same enclosure," and used to take a malicious pleasure in preventing his companion from going to sleep by creeping up and touching him in the rear, did not do this from any belligerent motive, but from a similar sense of humour to that which in man frequently takes the form of practical joking.

Imitation, too, is a large ingredient in many forms of play. Numerous animals, birds especially, have a capacity for picking up tricks, motions and sounds which they see and hear, which cannot be exclusively instinctive. The commonest case is that of the parrot. He hears an oft-repeated sound, and he probably says to himself, "Let me see if I can't do that," and he is heard practising the art by himself, deliberately learning the trick. Not long ago, I listened to a starling, sitting on a chimney, and practising all kinds of imitative sounds, till at last he made several excellent attempts at the cry of a cuckoo. This was early in June, after he had had frequent opportunities of hearing it, though no cuckoo was in evidence at the time, and I noticed he was steadily improving. If you dance and sing in front of the storks in their cage at the Zoo, the chances are that they will join in, and perform the most absurd antics; at least I have known it done, and I could cite hundreds of instances of animal play which are not in any sense educative for the serious business of life, or useful for the preservation of the species.

There has been, I think, too great a tendency to fit facts to particular theories in dealing with these problems. It seems to me that the majority of playful acts, sometimes instinctive, sometimes deliberate, and sometimes both, are stimulated into existence by pleasant feelings and surroundings, or by a spirit of fun or mischief, and

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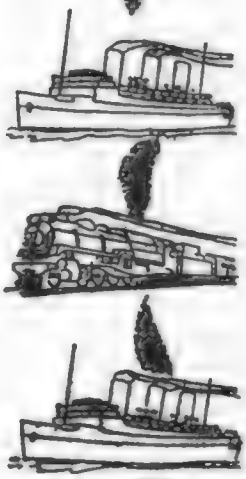

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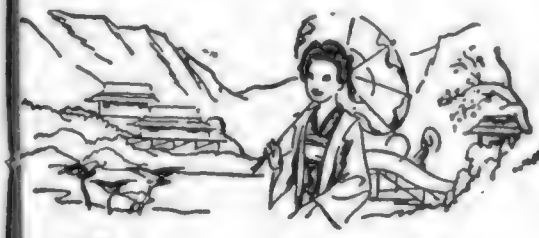

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they will always be interesting and worthy of study on account of the subtle blending of instinct and intelligence which they exemplify.

* * *

To those who delight in studying and watching animals and their ways, the problems offered are inexhaustible, and of undying interest. If we can get to know the mainsprings of their actions, it is half-way to knowing what our duties are towards them.

If, as I have endeavoured to show from the numerous instances given above, animals observe, compare, infer and act in the same manner, though not so perfectly, as human beings—that they exercise the faculty of reason, in short—and if we men, as a consequence of that faculty, predicate for ourselves the possession of a soul which we hope and believe to be immortal, why should an animal which has the faculty of reason be denied a modicum of that soul, differing not in kind, but only in degree? We may surely recognise a soul in the affection of devoted animals, in their mutual help, in their bright and joyous play, and in their fervent emotional attachment to ourselves. The broken and blind Argos was not so destitute as some scientists would have us believe. If we find in animals reason and instinct woven together in a pattern of exquisite variety, it is not hard to detect the golden threads of soul, faintly peeping out, and reflecting the Light of the Universe, wound closely round the warp of reason which interlaces with the woof of instinct, for soul, to my thinking, is an integral part of reason. I take it that the difference in intelligence between an African bushman and a fellow of the Royal Society is greater than that between a bushman and an intelligent dog, and we send out missionaries to save the soul of the bushman, and refuse the attribute of soul to the dog. That gifted writer, Juliana Horatia Ewing, used to bury her dogs just outside the churchyard wall, believing that she would meet them again. Is the idea so extravagant as to be inherently impossible? "I cannot discover,"

says the late Frederic Myers, " what is the actual hypothesis generally framed by those who hold that there is in fact some difference in kind in spiritual nature between man and brute."

But whether the possession of rational intelligence carries with it anything like what we connote by the word soul, which is a question of mere speculation, we have spread out before us in the book of nature a multitude of animal acts so rational as to be almost indistinguishable from human acts, and we cannot so much as ask them why they do such things. We cannot ask them, when they perform the most important acts for the continuance of their race, whether they feel anything higher than the gross impulse to do the act. For instance, we cannot ask the bower bird, when it prinks out the nuptial bower with bright coloured flowers for its mate, whether it is merely a means to a desired end, or whether there is some faint tinge of romance and affection in the colour of its thought. Neither can we ask the mother, when the care of her young engrosses her, whether she is actuated by any more than a blind and temporary impulse to look after them, how long the relationship of parent and child is recognised after the young grow up, and what is the basis of that relationship, if it exists. We can only speculate on these and many other questions. We are scratching the surface over a mine of information richer than El Dorado with mere toothpicks, lacking the means to sink a shaft. " The inner lives of animals," says the author of *Confessio Medici*, " are one of Nature's ultimate secrets. We can hardly guess at them, even at those which are likest to us: we cannot imagine the reason why they and we are herded together on this planet."

That we shall get a clearer insight into the springs of animal life as the years go on, there is no doubt, and perhaps we may discover some better method of observing wild nature than our present furtive and discontinuous attempts. The camera has done much in aid of the human

eye, but it may not be the last word in recording impressions. Some day we shall know more, and some of the riddles which puzzle us will be solved.

* * *

I have ventured on these stray suggestions in a spirit rather of enquiry than assertion, and with a due sense of their imperfection, in the hope that others may shed a clearer light on these problems of eternal interest. All nature in reality is miraculous, and it only ceases to be miraculous in our eyes because the miracles are constantly repeated. The growth of an oak, the birth of a child, the swift ravages of a microbe, are as full of wonder as a thunderstorm or an earthquake, and the book of nature has pages of " infinite variety," like the charms of the poet's mistress. The man who turns his back, even for a short time, upon the petty strifes of a city and the ephemeral excitements of society, and places himself in touch with the animal kingdom, if gifted with a spark of imagination, must be struck with some sense of reverence for the Maker of those marvellous laws which no human being can alter, and will probably begin to realise his kinship with his humbler co-heirs of life. A walk in the country need never be dull, provided he has no object but that which his eyes or field-glass give him. With these he will discover things of beauty and interest undreamed of, and if he wonders in the true way, his reverence and religion will be quickened. His path will be untainted by the necessity or desire of shedding blood, and his conscience towards the Universe will be clear. As Emerson says, " The day does not seem to be wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object." For my part, I am an untrained camp-follower to the army of naturalists, not wishful to fire off controversial cartridges, but to pick up things by the wayside; who has gazed wistfully down some of the green lanes of nature, noted their beauty, and who is desirous of recording some of the stray impressions they have made upon him.

Peace in the Pacific?

By Edward Hale

THE coming war in the Pacific is a favourite theme of Japanese jingoes. One of them has described in graphic terms how a young Japanese naval officer forces a Japanese-American conflict by sinking the flagship of the United States Asiatic fleet at Shanghai. War in the Pacific has also—strangely or not according to whether you look at President Roosevelt's disarmament Notes or his naval programme—become a favourite theme of sober American journalists. In a recent issue of a serious and reputable American review there is a detailed explanation of " why America will go to war " with Japan.

In this warlike atmosphere, as in the warlike atmosphere of the " international anarchy " of 1904 to 1914, peace projects are born. One of them, fathered on M. Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Commissar, though he has not publicly acknowledged paternity, is a suggestion for a " naval Locarno " in the Pacific. It is not a new suggestion. M. Litvinoff is an able diplomatist, but original only in such impractical matters as his proposal for complete and universal disarmament. And in proposing a " naval Locarno "—if he did propose a " naval Locarno "—M. Litvinoff was only following in the footsteps of a distinguished Japanese professor, Mr. Kisaburo Yokota. That a Japanese should make such a proposal will seem odd only to those who believe that of sixty million Japanese every one is a blundering, blustering militarist.

Professor Yokota explained his plan for a Pacific Security Pact at a Conference of the Institute of Pacific Reltaions in Canada. It was a detailed plan, based on a number of existing pacts, of which Locarno was one. Britain, China, France, Japan, the Soviet Union and the United States were to be parties to it. It was to borrow from the Nine-Power Treaty concerning China a guarantee by each and all the High Contracting Parties of the " territorial integrity and political independence " of each ; from other treaties an undertaking " not to attack

or invade the territory of another Contracting Party, and in no case to resort to war against another Contracting Party" ; from the Four-Power Treaty concerning Insular Possessions in the Pacific Area a provision for consultation in the event of a threat of aggression ; and from the " Stimson Doctrine " a declaration by the High Contracting Parties that they would not recognise " any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to existing covenants and obligations." Professor Yokota's plan was aimed to please all the nations concerned. Like M. Litvinoff's plan, it is unlikely to achieve that aim—chiefly because Japan must be the cornerstone of any Pacific agreement.

In forty years and through three wars Japan has become an equal Power with two other Great Powers in the Pacific. By the Sino-Japanese War of 1894 she eliminated China from rivalry for control of the Pacific, and by Admiral Togo's victory over the Russian fleet at Tsushima she eliminated Russia. The Great War gave her Tsingtao, and the Treaty of Versailles some groups of Pacific Islands potentially of great strategic value. Since Versailles she has gained control of Manchuria and thus secured one source of food supply in the event of others being cut off by war at sea. Recent official-unofficial declarations by her unofficial-official spokesmen suggest that her conquests may spread further. That is why proposals for a Pacific security pact are in the air. If they could not scotch the aggressive spirit of the Japanese militarists party, they might delay its translation into action. They will not, however, be accepted without hard bargaining. In this particular game Japan holds most of the trumps.

Three of the Pacific Powers have no immediate and obvious national advantages to gain from a Pacific Pact. Britain's interest in the Pacific is mainly defensive. Australia is able and willing to take her own line towards agreement with her only potential rival, and Canada, if her rejection of the European Locarno (along with the other British Dominions) is pertinent, is averse from extensive foreign commitments. To China, the United States and

the Soviet Union alone a Pacific pact would bring tangible gains. Since what the Japanese still call the "Manchurian incident," China would have obvious advantages in a pact guaranteeing her against aggression. The United States has a considerable trade with China, and a potential trade of inestimable value in the vast and undeveloped Chinese market. M. Stalin's brave words notwithstanding, the Soviet Union has not far behind it the lesson of two Russian wars which were accompanied by violent revolution. A guarantee against Japanese aggression would be welcome to all three. But Japan remains, and Japanese politicians are nothing if not realistic in international affairs. Their reply to any proposal for a Pacific security pact would be a demand for compensation in other ways. On present evidence, and on the assumption that the principal partners in any Pacific security pact would be China, Japan, the Soviet Union and the United States, there is little sign of a way in which that compensation could be given. In the event of an attack on Japan by any of the other three Powers, a fourth would almost certainly step in lest balance be destroyed; her own security is probably the least of Japan's concerns. From China, Japan, having taken all, has nothing to ask. From the United States the only compensation she could get is freer immigration of her nationals, which the United States is unlikely to grant. All the Soviet Union could offer her would be a permanent settlement of fishing disputes in Kamchatka.

For Japan a "Pacific Locarno" might therefore resolve itself into a self-denying ordinance. Remembering that its first sponsor was a Japanese, we can regard the prospect of such a self-denying ordinance as reasonble, though at present small. Remembering, too, the sympathetic understanding that other nations have shown of Japan's "bread-and-butter" needs, even while condemning Japanese imperialism, we need not despair of other Pacific Powers sacrificing the immediate for the ultimate good. But, if Japanese and American self-denial both failed, there would still be a number of good reasons why Japan should not herself rush headlong into

the war foreseen by Japanese jingoes and American journalists. If Japan is vulnerable at all, it is from the air, and both the United States and the Soviet Union have large air forces and a practicable route to the heart of Japan. Fearless as they may be individually, the Japanese as a nation are subject, like other nations, to the deterrent of fear. To the deterrent of fear is added the deterrent of self-interest; of Japan's foreign trade one-third is with the United States. To both deterrents is added the greatest deterrent of all—lack of the financial means with which to wage war for long.

All three deterrents might be removed by a close alliance with China, and that may be the ultimate aim behind Japan's apparent aim of conquest. But such an alliance is, as yet, a remote enough contingency to give hope that for some years to come the Pacific Ocean may continue to deserve its peaceful name.

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A Hungry Night

By Hamish Maclaren

TOWARDS two o'clock of a dark autumn morning a large dingy black motor van turned quietly out of a backyard in Bermondsey and headed for London Bridge.

Crossing the bridge at high speed, it passed a policeman without check, turned right, and entering the maze of narrow streets and lanes at the back of the riverfront warehouses, slowed down. For some time it continued to prowl along like some monster mechanical cat pneumatically shod and purring softly as it went, till finally it slid to a stop under a high unlit block of buildings. The headlights were switched off and a man got out.

He was a portly and portentous-looking person, wearing a check suit and a bowler hat several sizes too small.

Puffing at the stump of a cigar, he glanced quickly both ways along the street, then stepped back and looked up the face of the block. " Seven floors, eh ? " he mused, allowing his gaze to travel slowly up from floor to floor. " Means quick work all right, if it's as thick as they says it is——"

He flung away the stump of his cigar and made a gesture as of rolling up his sleeves, but without actually doing so.

" All clear George," he announced in a low voice. " Can stop yer ingin."

The quiet clatter of the motor-engine ceased. All was still but for the sound of a ship's winch beyond the warehouses and the droning of a siren far away down in the Pool. The man addressed as George, a lean determined-looking Cockney, got out of the van and, closing the door softly, came round to the near side.

" Cor ! " he exclaimed, staring up.

The big man unbuttoned his jacket, displaying a fancy yellow waistcoat from which he produced a bunch of keys, and began to look them over.

" You sure this is the place all right, Boss ? " enquired his mate, going round to the back of the van to open the doors. " That don't look quite like a swell restaurant to me, yer know."

" Back entrance, in course," replied the Boss shortly.

" Ah," said George.

He opened the van doors and began to unload some things on to the pavement, talking half to himself the while. " Sometimes we goes in back, sometimes in front, and sometimes it be the window if it so 'appens as none of the keys won't fit. Can't say wot till ye're on the spot, this job. I suppose there ain't likely to be no kind of caretaker cove around this time, come to think of it ? " He scanned the black star-twinkling windows for signs of a light inside, and chuckled. " Cor ! That poor cove we took be surprise in them offices up by 'Enrietta Street, shall never fergit that. He fair thought we was going to do 'im in, I reckon. Should 'ave bin warned, o' course——"

" That was a nice little haul we picked up there too, George," remarked the Boss smugly, bending down to lift something, shaped rather like a golf-bag, off the pavement. " Best I recolleck in months. Not for quantity I don't mean, but for quality, like. There was five blue 'uns in it."

" Urcher ! " returned his mate contemptuously. " Might be all the bloomink shydes of the rainbow for wot I cares."

The Boss had begun to delve into the depths of the apparent golf-bag. From which, presently retrieving a bottle, he uncorked it and indulged in a short draught. Then, pursing up his lips thoughtfully, he uttered a short melodious rippling whistle. " Mm," said he. " Ah ! That oughter fetch 'em. . . You waunts to be a bit more of a hartist and then you might appreshuate what I means, George. No work ain't nothing 'less you brings a bit of hart to bear on it, though I says that meself——"

" Says you," mocked the other.

The Boss, however, was not to be side-tracked into

mere idle argument. There was crafty work to be done before the morning, and if they were to get through with it successfully they would need all their time.

" Got everythink ? " he queried, advancing nimbly on the restaurant door. " Van be all right there if a copper shows up ? "

" It won't bite 'im."

They seemed to be taking things somewhat casually. However, it was different once they were inside the building

Here, the door being shut and bolted behind them, they moved with the utmost wariness.

Tiptoeing up a flight of steps and along a passage, they found themselves in a big gaunt-looking room, more or less empty but for a cash-desk and some piles of tables and chairs which could be dimly discerned over to one side. Whilst the Boss remained in the doorway, George at once went across to the chairs and returned with several. One he proffered to the Boss, who sat down on it.

With another, George then went about the room, standing on it to remove electric light bulbs, all except one. This he covered with a bit of green baize and then switched on.

" Ah ! And very nice too," said the Boss. " That's just about the 'lumination we waunts I reckon, first time off." The room was flooded with a dim emerald light by which it was just possible to see what you were doing. " Give us over them shoes then, George, and we'll get going."

Both men having fitted soft, sound-muffling shoes over their boots, the Boss, with remarkable agility considering his bulk, then made a swift tour of the room, glancing into corners and up the stairway leading to the first floor —which done, he returned, evidently satisfied, to his chair, moved it a little towards the centre of the room, and sat down again.

" Roight. The fish, George," he commanded. " Got it there ? "

" Phew ! Should rather think I have, mate, if you asks me ! "

The younger man, squatting on the floor, had just unrolled a small package. It contained a kipper, in a disgustingly advanced stage of decomposition.

But the Boss was evidently well used to the foul smell, which was far from offending him. He sniffed, twitching his large and curiously prehensile nose appreciatively. " Just the way I likes 'em, thát. A nungry night, eh, George ? Look sharp and tack 'er down then, my lad, 'fore she creeps off on yer." Chuckling at his jest, he took a second short draught from the bottle, followed, as before, by a ripple of low melodious whistling. " Got to get the tune just right, see, wet me whistle, as the saying is. . . I'm a teetotaller meself, 'cept perfessionally. Ain't that so, George ? "

" Thar's right, Boss. . . So I've 'eard you say, when you bin took bad with the 'iccups."

In the meantime George had been tacking the kipper down in the centre of the floor, pressing drawing-pins into the linoleum with his thumbs. This done, he lit the bulls-eye lantern, and took his seat beside the Boss.

" Roight," said the latter, picking up the " golf-bag " and placing it on his knee. " All quiet naow."

They settled themselves comfortably on the chairs. All was quiet save for the ticking of a clock somewhere in the green luminous darkness. . . Sounds of ponderous footsteps approaching along the pavement outside the shuttered front-windows. A muffled curse from George. " Chink o' light showing through them shutters and the game's up." However, the policeman's footsteps passed on without check and died out in the distance. . . The Boss, profoundly sighing, removed his bowler hat, wiped his forehead with a gaudy silk handkerchief, and observed hoarsely, in a loud stage whisper, " Sometimes they starts fiddling with the doors and then all the good work's jiggered up in 'alf a tick. . . Course, they're within their rights, like." The bull's-eye lantern was by now giving

off evil-smelling, vaguely stupefying fumes.

The Boss suddenly began to whistle. Low at first, a warbling, bird-like fluting, then gradually up the scale until it became a shrill rippling pipe. Then down again, softer and softer, back to silence.

"Now, if you just keeps a sharp lookout, roundabout that fish—"

In a couple of seconds a soft scrabbling was heard.

The Boss rose noiselessly from his chair, "golf-bag" in hand, followed by George with the bull's-eye lantern. And nimbly and silently they advanced, with a kind of "Spring-heeled Jack" movement, most menacing. . .

Here I should say there was someone else present in the restaurant besides George and the Boss. Namely, myself. But I had been lying low and saying nothing, having no part in these sinister proceedings except as an observer, mystified and awaiting enlightenment.

I knew what traffic the two conspirators were dealing in, but of their methods I was as ignorant as my aunt (presumably) is.

Following in soft shoes behind the two professionals, I watched the proceedings.

"That's seven. Mind and keep a tally of 'em, George," said the Boss, standing up straight and passing the bag to his confederate. "You can tip that lot out and we'll start again. Can wait for a bigger consignment once we knows they're well on the move, see. I reckon to pick up about fifteen at a time when the going's good."

Whilst the Boss was speaking, George was emptying the contents of a stocking-bag into a large wire cage.

The Boss stepped over and peered blinking into the cage. "No black fellow there, I suppose you didn't 'appen to notice, George?" he enquired.

But his mate only snorted.

"Aow!" said he, snapping shut the top door of the cage with a click. "Chuck it, guv'nor."

"George—" Seating himself once more for a renewal of the séance, the Boss spoke in severe tones, low

and level, so as not to disturb the atmosphere which had been created. " George," he said, " I believe you ain't nothing but a reg'lar unfort'nit ignorammus arter all, that's what. Which if I'd known in time, I can't rightly say as I'd of chose you as me mate in the first place, howsomever. 'Cause why not ? You needs to be a bit of a hartist—"

The same procedure was then gone through on every floor of the building up to the seventh.

In the grey dawn-light the Boss scrutinised his swag, poking gently about with a ruler and talking soothingly the while. " Naow, naow," said he, " I ain't going to hurt yer. I just waunts to see what we got 'ere, yer know, in the way of novil specimens, like. . . Aw ! It don't look so good then, arter all. A reg'lar ornery lot, I fancies. All right in regards to numericals—"

" Three 'undred and forty-seven I makes it, be the tally," said George.

" That so ? Well, we done worse, by a long chalk. Quick work an' all, though I says that meself."

" If this was Noo York, 'owever," said George, " you wouldn't 'ardly 'ave begun yet all the syme, Boss. 'N that's a thort as just bin and struck me this minute."

" You wants to be careful with that brain o' yours, George, or you'll find yerself gettin' landed with a reg'lar knockout blow one of these days. . . Noo York, you said ? Haow ? "

" Just hat I bin wonderin' meself, Guv'nor. I dunno 'bout you, bit I shouldn't care for the job o' workin' one o' them skyscrapers egsackly, not all in one night the way we done it."

" Aw ! " said the Boss.

He tilted the bowler hat over his eyes with a gesture of mingled impatience and disgust, and grunted perfunctorily, " C'm on and we'll get movin'. . . Got to cover up our tracks, yer know," he said, with a weighty wink at a waste-paper basket, " or where should we be ? "

Half an hour or so later, the building having been

combed, cleaned up, and left to all appearances just as it had been at midnight, the two professionals made their departure without interruption, and the motor van, complete with its cargo of surprised rodents, was heading at high speed for London Bridge.

There it stopped for a few seconds to drop a passenger, then leapt forward again, the driver, between changes of gears, putting his head out a moment to look back and wave a nonchalant hand in true film-gangster fashion.

" Be seein' ya ! " he yelled.

And a minute later the van had disappeared into the chilly morning mists rising off the river.

* * *

This, I suppose, is about where the story should end, but it may be as well to add a note in regard to the legality of these nocturnal proceedings. Suspicious as they might have seemed, they were, in fact, all in perfect lawful order. Which I know from having myself inspected, in the Boss's Bermondsey office, what he calls his " dockuments "—papers proving him beyond a shadow of doubt to be one of the most up-to-date and experienced rat-catchers employed by the L.C.C. (or is it the City of London Corporation?) with some millions of " destroyed " rats to his credit.

His Pied Piper-like methods may not perhaps be entirely orthodox for these times. As to that I don't know. There are a hundred and one ways of destroying rats and none of them quite fast enough—it has been calculated, for instance, that 10 million pairs of full-grown rats would be represented at the end of one year by over 40 million pairs of breeding age, allowing for a mortality of 95 per cent—still, the Boss and George keep thinning them out !

South Australia's Centenary

By Paul McGuire

TWO years after Victoria, South Australia is celebrating her centenary (and arguing about its pronunciation). On December 28, 1836, Captain John Hindmarsh, R.N., standing under an exceptionally crooked gum-tree by the waters of St. Vincent's Gulf (the exact gum-tree is also, as one might expect, matter of controversy), proclaimed the new Province of South Australia and read his commission as Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

For the colonist, historic perspective changes. A hundred years in Winchester or Rye hardly darkens the stones, but a hundred years in South Australia has seen the death of an aboriginal people, the wilderness brought to plough, and Hindmarsh's three hundred people grown to more than half a million. The debatable gum-tree is in the heart of a seaside suburb which helps to house Adelaide's three hundred and some odd thousands of population. There are people alive whose lives outspan the colony's: until a year or two ago there was actually one who had been present when Hindmarsh read his proclamation: until it was bought out and suppressed by a monopolistic rival a while back, *The South Australian Gazette and Colonial Register* recorded in its files the whole public history of the colony, for its first number was published in London before the fleet sailed.

South Australia was an experiment in colonization. Unlike several of her sisters, her respectability is uncompromised by convict antecedents. Her founders were serious and high-minded men of the satisfactory kind who commonly turn their high-mindedness to handsome profit while maintaining their integrity beyond any reproach but the reproach perhaps of priggishness. Even to-day South Australia does not wholly forget that she was the experiment of philosophers.

The scheme was Edward Gibbon Wakefield's, with modifications. Wakefield (whose career may except him

from the suggestion of priggishness) held that colonies should be developed by the sale of unappropriated lands, the price of which would ensure substantial settlers able to afford a supply of hired labour, and the profits of which would provide an immigration fund. The adventure was frowned on, and South Australia was settled by ladies and gentlemen of the professional and business classes, who landed on its beaches in the clothes they might have chosen for a Sunday stroll in the Park. One of the fathers and founders had happy skill with water-colours, and I recall an admirable version of a gentleman in stove-pipe, tails, and pegged bottoms holding his umbrella above him as he is carried ashore on a sailor's back: while his wife, on another sailor's back, is in a charmingly bright sprigged muslin, and a very fetching picture.

The original area of the colony was some 300,000 square miles, to which it later attached 60,000 square miles of New South Wales (which marches with most of the eastern boundary) and nearly 600,000 square miles of the Northern Territory, since ceded to the Commonwealth. The southern coastline (now the only coastline) is broken by the great gulfs of Spencer and St. Vincent; and the Murray comes down to the sea east of St. Vincent's Gulf. The mountain system, the Mount Lofty Ranges in the south, the Flinders' in the north, is the backbone of the fertile lands above the Murray and east of the gulfs. As one goes north and north-east and north-west, one goes into the great barrens: sheep succeed wheat and vines, cattle succeed sheep, and beyond the cattle are deserts of drifting sands or harsh stone.

The resources of the State are chiefly pastoral and agricultural. It had none of the luck of New South Wales, Victoria, and Western Australia with gold, and the great silver fields at Broken Hill are twenty miles over its eastern border. Copper at Burra and Moonta and Wallaroo brought a Cornish population to mine it. Moonta's chapels and pasties and Assyrian beards still provide

jokes for Australia's weeklies, but goats are now rarer in Moonta than they are in Penzance.

Adelaide lies between the Mount Lofty Ranges and the sea, with the foothills rising from the back doors of the eastern suburbs, and the western suburbs fringing twenty miles of white sandy beaches: an admirable situation for a population devoted to sun, air, sea and golf. The city proper, laid out with mathematical regularity by Light, one of Wellington's engineers, expresses his military ideal of a city. It is a mile square, with the principal streets running straight through from North Terrace to South Terrace or from East Terrace to West Terrace, so that all their lengths could be swept by musket or cannon fire: while beyond the terraces are wide belts of park lands which were intended by Light to give the defenders a clear field of fire. Happily the city has not yet known a hostile approach: and the park lands are the pleasant resort of cricketers, golfers, footballers, lovers, cows, orators and other wild life.

Taken over all, Adelaide is a prim and elegant city, restrained, yet taking colour from its blue hills and its superb skies; and dominated by the magniloquent towers of its insurance companies as Salisbury and Wells are dominated by the great churches of Our Lady (a comparison in values will be observed: South Australia cultivates the utilitarian virtues).

Nowadays the great mass of the population lives in the wide suburbs. South Australia, like the other Australian States, concentrates an enormous proportion (54 per cent) of its population in the metropolitan area, and there are only two or three provincial towns of any size. And it seems the ambition of most country dwellers to join the majority. Only in the remote pastoral lands where the sparsely scattered bushmen grow the wool and the cattle which are major sources of the community's wealth and preserve something of an Australian tradition, only there and in certain districts where a German peasant stock is dominant, has rural South Australia resisted urban

influences and ambitions.

The suburbs of Adelaide, like suburbs everywhere, are for the most part drab and dull. Inspired, no doubt, by the revered memory of Colonel Light, Adelaide went in for town-planning many years ago, but the level reaches of the plain do not lend themselves to exciting effects. In the better-tended suburbs, the streets are lined with trees, sometimes even with native trees (only an Australian will comprehend this irony) : but there has been a dreadful massacre of timber during the hundred years, and if one comes fresh from Kensington or Chelsea to an arid Australian summer, one misses trees.

The people are for the most part well-housed. There are no slums as Glasgow understands slums, but there are mean streets in the suburbs where the poor have lived hard during the years of depression, and one hears bitter stories from doctors and clergymen. In spite of its reputation for social experiment, Australia has no national insurance : and the scale of relief is one which should shame a civilized community. One resents foul living conditions more in Australia than in older communities, because they could be better resisted where there is no appalling legacy of industrial slumdom. But the public seems to lack conscience in these matters, even consciousness of them.

The typical Adelaide dwelling is a single-storey, five or six roomed house, with land enough for a lawn and flowers in front, a garage, vegetable patch, and fowl-house behind. There are comparatively few flat-dwellers : in Sydney, the eastern skyline is dominated by the towering flats of Darlinghurst and King's Cross, but Adelaide preserves its own back-yards. The older houses are of the villa variety, but since the War the bungalow has come to command the suburban scene. One cannot praise the local builders and architects with loud, unqualified praise, for most of their styles are decidedly pseudo and rival the more florid of English bungaloid developments. In the early days, the rudiments of a colonial architecture

appeared in thick-walled and deep-verandahed houses which were the settlers' answer to the hot north winds of summer : but when the architect and contractor appeared, there appeared with them bastard styles, derivative by-blows. " Tudorbethan " is a word culled from an Adelaide agent, and it expresses very well the temper of Adelaide's domestic architecture. At the same time one must remember that a high level of domestic comfort has been achieved (how often in London has one sighed for the bathrooms of Adelaide) and that all these little houses, each on its own plot of ground, have successfully resisted the virus of flat-dwelling ; which I take to be a score for the domestic tradition of family life. In Adelaide people still entertain one in their own homes. In a quite considerable city, there is not a single " luxury hotel." Some seem to regret it.

The physical environment is exceptionally happy: neither earthquake nor cyclone, neither great heat nor great cold afflict the South Australians. Drought is Nature's one menace, and it is many years since the whole State suffered together from drought.

The intellectual environment is less propitious. The culture of the colonist undergoes a sea-change. The physical conditions of his native culture are naturally lost to him, and its regional and local sources lost. His way of life is modified by the altered circumstances of his existence : the continuity of traditions, the customs, the order of long-settled communal life are lost to him. He must make all anew, for one cannot carry a culture overseas as one may carry agricultural implements or a library. The cultural crisis apparent in the industrialised countries of the old world, where the sweeping changes in the way of life have caused what Lawrence called " a gap in the continuity of consciousness," has been intensified in Australia, where no core of traditional order exists to resist cultural disintegration. Nor is there apparent the promise of a new cultural development. Geographic isolation might have promoted an indigenous culture, but

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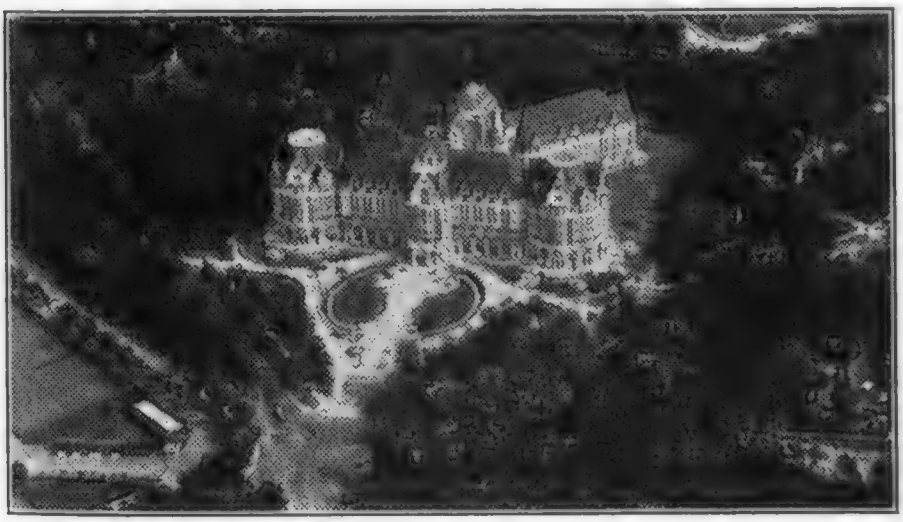

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Gymnasium :: Nursery :: Private Lock-ups and General Garage

modern inventions have destroyed Australia's isolation; and without the core of resistance, Australia has been subject to the full impact of cinema, radio, popular press, circulating libraries and all those instruments by which mass civilization is diffused. The Australian-born of the first generation were much more individualized, nearer to a peculiarly Australian type, than are the second and third generations: the Australian type was shadowed out, but he has been submerged in the cosmopolitan and formless.

More or less conscious that they were remote from the sources of their culture, the colonists made some effort to reproduce the institutions in which the culture had flowered. If they often mistook means for ends, they shared the general vice of the modern world. South Australia created a University before she was forty years old, and it has, on the whole, maintained reputable standards. As in other new countries (and some old ones), the University has been less the refuge of the academic muse than a training school for the professions: new countries need doctors, engineers, foresters, lawyers, teachers, industrial and agricultural scientists, and the University is forced to provide them. New countries also need (very badly) the detached and critical intelligence which it is the true function of a University to foster: but new countries don't know that, and won't believe it when they are told it. When one recalls that the University of Adelaide has had to look to successful business men and not to great churchmen and scholars for its endowments, one may be grateful that a measure of academic integrity has been preserved. It has not yet followed Harvard and offered prizes for advertising research (the phrase is Harvard's: it implies research "conspicuous in furthering the knowledge and science of advertising"); it has not granted M.A. degrees for theses on "A Time and Motion Comparison on Four Methods of Dishwashing" and "A Study of Controlled Conditions in Cooking Hams"; nor is it likely to go that road while its present administration

remains. But the University is dependent on subsidies from the State and from men of business: it will take the tone of its community, and there are alarming tendencies apparent.

Elementary education was made compulsory in Australia at an early date: while intelligent Europeans usually accept elementary compulsory education as an inevitable evil or, at best, as a desperate expedient, the Australian has come to see in it the source and origin of all that is mentally desirable. The elaborate and expensive machinery is engaged in converting all varieties of natural disposition and talent into a few stock types, predominantly the clerk-stenographer type. The Australian is educated for dependent city life: to be a consumer of cheap and specious notions, and a producer of rows of figures and Test-match gates. The educational system is one only of the forces at work, but it has played its part in converting a pioneering people into a race of suburbans. The millions sit on office-stools, and the great north and west are empty.

Amongst the Australian States, South Australia has been regarded as something of a sobersides: its respectable origins and its solemn passion for social amelioration were undeniable: and "Adelaide for Culture" is a phrase in derisive use abroad, but at home, one fears, sometimes uttered in earnest. The fathers and founders were, many of them, Noncomformists of the sort given to Self-Improvement Societies, and their temper remains in large measure the temper of the community. Even to-day, one imagines, South Australia has a higher proportion of Methodists than any other considerable community, and while Anglicanism has always possessed social *cachet*, Methodism and Congregationalism and Presbyterianism have never yielded it ground, even on the steps of Government House. Catholicism is weaker than in any other State, and has made no great contribution to the public mind, certainly not the contribution it could eminently make and which South Australia sadly

lacks. The State remains very much a province of Philistia. But even the mental vigour of the Philistines seems in decline. As one turns back newspaper files, one is astonished at the concern of the settlers for the things of the mind. The early foundation of the University is a case in point. It is notable too that South Australian legislators of the early days were responsible for measures which acquired world significance: the Torrens Real Property Act, for instance; while manhood suffrage and the secret ballot date from the Constitution Act of 1855–6. Liberalism was at its best in the colonies, moving to radical social experiment and reform in the real or fancied interest of the whole community, and not of a Whiggish sect. But the spirit which inspired experiment seems to have flagged.

South Australia is a casteless society. Whatever prestige the squattocracy (the richer pastoralists are commonly known as squatters) retains is the prestige it shares with merchants, financiers, manufacturers, and ship-owners, the prestige of money. Money commands the social levels in Australia even more than in America, but the moneyed groups serve none of the proper functions of an aristocracy. They contribute little to the graces or to the intellectual life of the community, and with rare exceptions they have provided no political leaders who commanded the country's respect. Their success is entirely the success of money-makers, and Australia at large is deplorably uncritical of their methods of making money. Their social habits and fashions influence the masses, and all the newspapers give excessive publicity to their doings. The phenomena are depressingly familiar to an observer of American life, and perhaps not altogether strange to a contemporary Englishman.

There is little of what a European understands by class conflict. South Australia has a reputation for strikes, but they are almost always protests at some particular and local conditions, rather than a phase in a general programme of social action. Politics and politicians are

dangerously uninspiring. Australia has apparently resigned herself to machine-politics and the machine-politician, and it is difficult to conceive the effrontery or impertinence which would provoke effective reaction against the party machines. The present South Australian Parliament extends its life by two years without electoral mandate ; Federal politicians have had guests turned out from a Canberra hotel so that they themselves might be saved the higher rates at another hotel ; and the Australian merely grumbles that they would get away with murder—which seems indeed very probable.

South Australia has at present a Country-Liberal government, which corresponds with the United Australia Party-Country coalition in Federal politics : these are what one might call the Right, if one could call the Australian Labour Party a Left. The party antagonisms are not intense ; South Australian Liberal and South Australian Labour, for instance, might well be compared with the Conservatives and Liberals of pre-war England. Both parties are socialistically inclined, but then the conditions of Australian settlement have often been beyond the capacities of private enterprise or discouraging to the immediate returns for which private enterprise looks. Only the State could have settled the mallee lands or created the great Murray irrigation schemes, or indeed built the railways along which settlement crept. The Australian Labour Party has professed a socialist objective, but it seeks it with exceeding gradualness, and at times one expects that the Liberals will achieve it first. The unions which dominate the Labour movement are not much interested in the remoter task : their concern is to strive here and now for higher wages, lower hours, and better conditions ; and most union secretaries, like most politicians, find themselves very comfortable in the existing order. The younger and unmarried men, who are in most countries the politically active, have in Australia been peculiarly favoured by the method of arbitrating wages. The Courts assume a married man

with two or three children as the typical wage-earner, and declare wages to meet his needs. It works very pleasantly for the man who has to keep only himself, and single men, while they remain in employment, are not exposed to the pressure of poverty which makes a revolutionary of a sober workman. It is the married men who have just grievance, but married men do not often break heads.

South Australia, like Western Australia and Tasmania, has suffered considerably from the Federation's economic programmes. The forced development of the secondary industries has placed heavy burdens on the primary industries, while the benefits of secondary industries have been chiefly shared between the more populous and powerful States, New South Wales and Victoria. The strain imposed on the Federal tie has been eased somewhat by Federal subsidies to the minor States: with Federal aid and terrific taxation, South Australia has balanced her Budget: but subsidies are temporary expedients, and the reconciliation of the diverse interests of the different States is an urgent problem for Australian statecraft: as yet there has been little intelligent appreciation of it, and threats of secession on the one side or of unification on the other contribute little reason to the debate.

Of world affairs, South Australians at large are woefully ill-informed. The South Australian who has not been abroad tends to regard Europe as incredibly remote and beyond human comprehension, and unless violent crisis compels his attention, he usually prefers to think about the three-thirty. His sources of information are limited. In South Australia there is only one morning paper and one evening paper; both take, in large measure, the same cables, so that one reads in the morning what one has already read overnight, while the radio news services are supplied by the newspapers.

The elder South Australian journalists are for the most part steeped in nineteenth-century liberalism, and

indeed the country generally has not emerged from the mental atmosphere of the nineteenth century (from the point of view of personal ease, there is much to envy in a nineteenth-century attitude). Younger men of the varieties which describe themselves as the intelligentsia are frequently Bloomsbury-Marxist in tone. The circulating libraries have a great deal to answer for. But the South Australian in general seeks a solid level of physical comfort. It is significant that the Douglas Proposals have made much more headway than any other " reformist " programme.

The dominant passion of the South Australian is indisputably sport. Enormous sums are invested in racing and lotteries (if these can be regarded as sporting : they are certainly essential interests of a " sport "), and no political issue in a dozen years has stirred Australia like body-line. I am happy to report, as a devoted South Australian, that we at present own the Australian tennis champion in Mr. Quist, the open golf championship, and Messrs. Bradman and Grimmett and the Sheffield Shield : truly satisfying possessions for our centenary year.

So South Australia passes her hundredth year. In 1937, Australia as a whole comes to one hundred and fifty. The old isolation is passing and on the horizons, especially on the horizon of the north, new and terrible problems are shaping for the years to come. If Australians look to their past, they might well be encouraged for the future. Whatever criticisms one offers, however just these may be, it remains true that the Australian achievement is a great one. Men have built a new world here in their few brief generations; they bred, in their warless homes, the battalions of Anzac and the Somme, and the squadrons of Chauvel : a tough and hardy and resourceful people. But the oncoming century will make demands beyond all demands of the past, and it is frighteningly easy for a people to lose its vital energies.

Lybia

By Jane Soames

IN 1860 two British naval officers, Captain Smith and Commander Porcher, in the course of surveying one of the most deserted parts of the North African coast—Cyrenaica, lying between the Gulf of Sirte and Egypt—there discovered the ruins of the city of Cyrene, of which at that time practically nothing was known. They were immensely struck by the magnificent remains of antiquity which they found literally lying on the ground at their feet; and brought back a collection of statues and carvings (now in the British Museum), and a report which roused the highest interest in archæological circles. The site was, however, extremely difficult of access, the country wild, communications uncertain and the Turkish Government unwilling to grant facilities; so that little was done to follow up this discovery, and Cyrene, the greatest of the Greek colonial cities, remained unexplored until many years later.

Cyrenaica then formed part of the Turkish vilayet of Lybia; and the rule of the Sublime Porte was inspired by one single preoccupation—the collection of the largest possible sum in taxation. Nothing whatever was done to improve or enrich the country, Turkish rule in the interior was an uncertain quantity, and the accounts of two French travellers who visited the country in the early part of the century give a vivid picture of the infrequency of communication with Europe, and the great difficulty of travel in a country where an armed escort was necessary for anyone who left the immediate vicinity of the coastal towns. Before visiting Lybia I had the great good fortune to meet the author of a most interesting book on the Italo-Turkish War, who was himself present as correspondent for the *Times* during the campaign of 1912, when Italy annexed the province. I was thus able to form a fairly accurate idea of what the country was like twenty years ago, and so estimate what has been

achieved in the time. Sir William McClure describes the condition of utter neglect into which the coastal zone had sunk (the only part of the country he was then able to visit); the supine incompetence of the Turkish authorities and the very narrow limits of their effective rule.

The ancient Roman province of Lybia, lying between the Tunisian frontier and Egypt and extending far down into the Sahara, consists of a narrow coastal plain where most of the population is gathered; then about fifty to sixty miles south the Gebel plateau, rising up straight like a wall from the flat land below. This plateau varies in extent: it is rather wider in Cyrenaica than Tripolitania; the southern limits fall away in steep escarpments, and after that there is nothing but the desert—the barren burning emptiness, with a few oases scattered over it at rare intervals. This desolation was until recent times traversed by the main caravan routes from central Africa, but the prosperity which they brought has died with the abolition of the slave traffic and the creation of a commercial outlet by sea via the Niger valley.

The Arab Mohammedan population of Lybia is poor and backward; there is no Moslem architecture to be compared with that of Syria or Morocco, and the only two towns of any size are Tripoli, which now boasts a population of 95,000 and Bengazi, with about half as many. There are communities of Jews in the coastal towns, as everywhere along the North African coast, into whose hands falls most of the native trade of any account; but apart from the usual local industries of weaving, carpet-making and so on, agriculture, tunny fishing and sponge diving are the sole resources of the country.

Italy's achievements, in this poor and arid province, more than three-quarters of which is uninhabitable desert, with a total population less than a million souls, all of course depend upon the complete pacification of the territory. Tripolitania was the most easily subdued;

but the Arabs of Cyrenaica were violently hostile and their final defeat—necessitating long and costly campaigns far to the south across hundreds of miles of waterless desert—was not completed until four years ago. The work of development has however continued uninterruptedly, though Cyrenaica is necessarily not so far advanced as Tripolitania. Communications are now assured all over the country by road, even to the farthest southern oases of Cufra and Ghat ; and a new highway along the coast connecting Tunis with Egypt is practically completed. There remain two sections under construction (though they are already negotiable) which will be finished by the end of the year. This is a most important piece of work, for it provides what has never previously existed—land communication along the whole North African coast. Hitherto it has always been necessary to travel from one port to another by sea, but the road is now made through French and Spanish Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Lybia so that, when the Egyptian Government has improved the last three hundred kilometres between Solum and Alexandria, it will be possible to drive along a good surface from the Atlantic to the Nile.

The construction of railways was begun in Lybia, but has not been continued ; there are only two short stretches of line connecting Tripoli and Bengazi with the small neighbouring towns—the country is not rich or populous enough to warrant their continuation, and roads are found to meet its needs. The only good natural harbour on the coast is Tobruk, which from its position on the extreme eastern end of the inhabited area and lack of fresh water supply is not very valuable commercially ; but the ports of Bengazi and Tripoli have been deepened and improved, and there is a bi-weekly service of steamers to Naples and daily communication by seaplane between Rome and Tripoli.

As may be inferred from the fact that (except for Abyssinia) Lybia was the only part of the African

Continent not under the government of some one of the European powers by the time Italy was in a position to make good her claims to colonial expansion, it is an extremely poor country ; and over its whole area suffers in varying degrees from drought. Under the exigencies of Turkish taxation and the insufficiency of Turkish rule the cultivated area progressively shrank, and the first task of the Italian Government has been to increase agricultural production. Cyrenaica is rather more favoured than Tripolitania ; there is a larger rainfall and the Gebel plateau is green and growing and provides good pasture. It is here that there would appear to be the greatest scope for European colonisation.

There are two kinds of agriculture in Lybia : cultivation in the oases, where there is an unlimited supply of water which only requires to be brought to the surface, with the aid of which the Arabs often raise three crops a year ; and cultivation beyond the zone which it is possible to irrigate. The aim has been to reclaim as much as possible of this enormous area, previously only used by the Arabs for pasture, or at most lightly ploughed and sown in the hope of a good rainfall—in default of which the nomad farmer would not even trouble to return to garner his crop. To achieve such an increase in the area under regular cultivation there are two primary necessities—a larger water supply and reafforestation. For trees are essential to protect the young growing crops from the ghibli—the hot south, south-east wind which blows up from the Sahara carrying with it clouds of fine sand—to conserve moisture and fix the light friable soil. Immense pains have been taken to discover the most suitable varieties of trees, thousands of acres have been replanted with olives, almonds, eucalyptus, cyprus, tamarisk, castor-oil plant, mimosa, oranges and other fruit trees which do well in a dry soil, and the increase in production has already been considerable. It is found that there is a practically inexhaustible supply of water below the surface in the coastal plain, and hundreds

of artesian wells have been sunk so that the irrigation farming may also be augmented.

The colony now produces sufficient tobacco and wine to meet its own needs and there is already a surplus available for export ; the production of oil, corn and wool also increases every year, and it is hoped that eventually it may be possible for at least 200,000 Italian colonists to make a living from the soil—a remarkable figure when one considers the limited resources of the country.

The natives are now beginning to recognise the benefits of Italian rule ; for not only do the Arabs profit from improved communications, town-planning schemes, increased water supply and free medical assistance, but many also find employment under the Government ; there are 9,000 now at work upon road construction alone. Italian policy has been to do everything possible not only to develop the commercial resources of the country, but also to improve the lot of its native subjects, and free education for Moslems is now provided in every town and village of Tripolitania, even in the most distant oases. Special schools have been founded for children affected with tracoma, the eye disease so terribly prevalent over all North Africa ; and the demand of education is now so great that an institution for the higher education of Moslems has recently been opened in Tripoli, to train teachers.

Tripoli is now a charming town, with a long promenade round the bay, planted with palms and public gardens in exquisite order ; at one end of the half circle is the old Arab quarter terminating in the Castle, converted into the offices of the administration and very beautifully restored ; at the other end the new town, with its excellent up to date hotels, modern houses and new cathedral, flanked by the typically Italian campanile. Bengazi has also been rebuilt, enlarged and improved—and indeed all the little coastal towns ; everywhere one sees clean streets, good roads, and a most efficient sanitary service.

Italian colonisation is however a wholly government creation. There has been very little investment of private capital in Lybia; the colony receives a large annual grant from the Italian Budget which makes up more than three-quarters of the income at the disposition of the administration, and it is this money which has paid for the new buildings, the ports, roads, schools, wells, the establishment of colonists in well-built concrete houses, and reafforestation—quite apart from the enormous cost of military operations. Italy has so far made nothing out of Lybia; on the contrary, the colony has been a heavy financial liability. There are no illusions in official circles that any return can be expected yet: strategical considerations required that as Lybia was bound to pass from Turkish hands into those of another European power, that power should be Italy, whose southern coasts lie exactly opposite, and the pressing need for colonial expansion has prompted the present policy of development. But there is always a risk that where an immediate economic return is not possible, the fact that such a return is the ultimate object of all expenditure may be temporarily lost sight of by the administration, which will inevitably be under a strong temptation to adopt schemes which though of undeniable public utility, may yet be conceived on a scale beyond what is warranted by the resources of the country.

Before the War, to leave the coast and attempt to visit the interior was a hazardous and expensive enterprise involving the provision of all transport and the active cooperation of the Government. But it is now possible to drive along good made roads to all the important towns; and the tourist who wants to see the desert can go from Tripoli to Gadames, 800 kilometres to the south, by luxurious Pullman car stopping en route at the charming hotels which have been built at Jefren and Nalut. Gadames itself, on the Tunisian border, is one of the most beautiful of the Sahara oases; a closely packed white Bedouin town traversed by a network of

narrow passage-like covered lanes and all surrounded by its groves of date-palms. Every inch of the oasis is cultivated, and the source of its existence, the spring, forms an exquisitely beautiful crystal-clear pool reflecting the white walls and date palms against the burning implacable blue of the sky. The water is slightly salt and very unpalatable to Europeans. The desert journey from Tripoli, which takes three or four days, where a few years ago it was necessary to count as many weeks, gives the visitor a complete birdseye view of the country: first the flat sea plain, then fifty miles south the wild beauty of the Gebel plateau rising cliff-like from the flat land below; and for another fifty miles or so intermittent cultivation—little fields of corn, olives, figs, flocks of sheep and goats and camels turned out to graze. With the descent from the plateau begins the zone of steppe; there is still some growth of thorny shrubs and wiry grass, and the little groups of gazelle which bound away from the road prove that water is also to be found. But the country gets gradually more bare and empty; the plants become rarer, and at last one enters upon the stony desolation itself, where there is nothing but rock and sand and the false promise of the mirage on the horizon. The sense of relief produced by the green of the oasis after many hours driving through this arid wilderness, and the smell of water, is beyond words. But apart from the interest of the landscape, and the attraction of travelling not only in space but also time—crossing the centuries as well as the Mediterranean—Lybia has splendid monuments of the past. There are the ruins of four great towns along the coast, Cyrene, Tolmeta, Leptis Magna and Sabratha; all originally Graeco-Phoenician and later Roman —for Rome governed all North Africa under the Empire from Egypt to Morocco. The Roman civilisation was utterly destroyed by the Arab invasions which began in the seventh century, when the soldiers of Allah, riding out from the depths of Asia, drove all before them and established a religion and a mode of life which has endured unchanged until the present day. Practically

nothing was known of any of these towns before the Italian occupation ; they lay buried under the wind-born sand which had covered them for centuries ; but the present Italian Government has undertaken excavations on a grand scale and their beauties are now revealed. At Leptis, the native city of the Emperor Septimius Severus (who, it is interesting to remember, died at York), Sabratha and Cyrene the work is in a fair way to completion ; the best of the statuary, carving and mosaics have been housed in museums on the spot and some *chefs d'oeuvres* taken to Tripoli to adorn the Castle where the Government offices are housed. At Tolmeta the work has only recently been begun, but already promises to yield results as interesting as elsewhere, though the town was not so large as either Leptis or Cyrene—each of which is estimated to have housed some 200,000 inhabitants.

The sight of these abandoned cities, their marble columns, and paved streets, the Roman triumphal arches and the splendid solidity of the stone building, strikes the imagination very vividly in contrast with the desolate and empty countryside in which they now stand. In Roman times Lybia was the granary of the Empire and exported hundreds of tons of corn and barrels of oil to Italy ; but with the coming of the Moslem the screen of trees—essential protection against the wind-born sand from the desert—was gradually all cut down and burnt for firewood ; the Roman aqueducts, the dams which supplied them and the wells fell into ruin, and all the country except the oases went out of cultivation. This great past, when Lybia was prosperous and her ports in constant communication with Egypt, Greece and the Italian mainland, is also a promise for the future. But it must not be forgotten that Roman society was based upon slavery—which means cheap labour—and that the Lybian ports did a profitable trade in black ivory as well as agricultural produce. None the less the evidence that the country could support so large a population is proof that with proper methods the cultivable area can be greatly increased.

The Padded Cell

From the Diary of Tom O'Bedlam

THE other morning, after my breakfast, when I was sitting in my armchair, plunged in gloom and perplexity over the appalling intricacies of the present international situation, the 'phone rang. Picking up the receiver I heard the vibrant voice of Gaston Bagge. "We must grasp the nettle!" he cried. "We must grasp the nettle!"

"Which nettle?" I asked eagerly.

"Sorry you have been troubled," said a feminine voice.

"But I have *not* been troubled," I protested. "Indeed, very much to the contrary." With the receiver to my ear I waited for Bagge to continue. A voice said: "I don't want a table in the middle of the room." Quietly replacing the receiver, I allowed a minute to pass and then raised the receiver and said—"Madame, would you be so very obliging as to give me Regent double six double six?" The result of this appeal was that I found myself a third party to a conversation in which someone appeared to be offering someone else, in return for I know not what, five hundred spot cash, a Thames bungalow, and a half share in a new gas mask. Replacing the receiver, I passed my hand over my brow, and took a turn or two up and down the room. When I at last got through to Bagge's house, I learnt that he had just left.

Somehow it all seemed to me so symbolical of everything. Chaos triumphant, I muttered to myself. But which was the nettle we ought, in Bagge's view, to grasp? It was an engrossing speculation, yet a very confusing one. To clear my mind I took a sheet of paper and endeavoured to clarify the international situation. The result was as follows:

1. Italy—exasperated by the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

2. Germany—taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

3. France—dismayed at Germany taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssian dispute.

4. Russia—taking advantage of French dismay at Germany taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

Extra-European Powers

1. Japan—favourably disposed to Germany taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. Unfavourably disposed to Russia taking advantage of French dismay at Germany taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

2. The United States—unfavourably disposed to Germany taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. Favourably disposed to Russia taking advantage of French dismay at Germany taking advantage of Italian exasperation with the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

It was very plain to me, on studying this summary, that the nettle of which Gaston Bagge had spoken was the English attitude to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. It was this nettle which had unleashed a thousand simmering discontents. It was this nettle which, unless it were firmly grasped, threatened to set the whole world aflame.

I am, like Gaston Bagge, both a passionate partisan of peace and a stern realist who perceives and acknowledges that the battle is to the strong. The more I reflected on the present situation, the more clearly I saw that the only hope of the world is a League of Nations

so reconstituted as to synthesise the legitimate desire for autonomy of the weaker nations with the urge towards expansion of the stronger. Let Germany and Italy and Russia and Japan march on towards their imperial destinies, I said to myself, but let it be in such a way as to cause the minimum of inconvenience to such smaller political entities as may happen to be on their line of march.

And here, I saw, was where England could play her part. It was obvious that so long as we remained in the League of Nations, we should find ourselves constantly confronted with the absorption of one of the lesser members by one of the greater or by some Power which was not, at the moment, a member of the League. Were we, as in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, to ruffle an already delicate situation by addressing remonstrances to the more powerful of the two parties? Or were we not rather, like the hostesses employed in progressive hotels, to use our tact, our finesse, our *savoir-vivre*, to smoothe away the unavoidable friction generated by the contiguity of human beings? That we should leave the League, and attend to our own interests, was unthinkable. It was our plain duty, in a renovated League to use our moral prestige, and if necessary our material resources, to promote the general harmony of the nations.

Controlled Autonomy

Exhausted by all these reflections, I fell asleep and had a remarkable dream which I am disposed to regard as nothing less than a vision of what England's role may yet be in the League of the future.

The League, I dreamt, had just, at the suggestion of England, voted that Switzerland's autonomy should be controlled by Germany; and in my dream I realised that Controlled Autonomy was the solution which had been found to the problem of the smaller nations *vis-a-vis* the greater. The politically immature Swiss were resisting this wise and just decision, and I was in command of the

League forces, which were financed from England.

I have always felt that I had it in me to be a great general, and I was superb. I had at my disposal a Japanese division, fresh from completing the steps necessary to place Canadian independence under the control of the United States, thirty French tanks, recently returned from Australia whose autonomy had now become Japan's care, and a squadron of United States bombing 'planes, which had just been of assistance in affiliating Belgium to France.

It was not a large force, but I found it adequate. With my planes I reduced the cities of Switzerland to ruins. My tanks I rolled through the mountain districts, erasing whole villages, and, resistance at an end, I used my Japanese troops to restore and maintain order. Geneva itself had been placed outside the war zone, and was adequately policed, but on the lake itself, as indeed on all the lakes of the country, there was fierce fighting between the natives, who had manned their pleasure steamers, and my fleet, which, oddly enough, consisted of ancient British men-of-war commanded, under my general direction, by some of our greatest admirals. I need mention only Blake, Nelson, Drake and Rodney. There was, of course, no deeper significance in this part of my dream. I record it only for its quaintness. But what I hold to have been truly significant is that no German troops took part in the campaign. The northern frontier of Switzerland was lined with Germans madly applauding the bold and rapid strokes with which I met and crushed the enemy resistance, but, I repeat, there was not one German trooper in my command. Germany had placed its affairs with complete confidence in the hands of the League, and the League, under English direction, was faithful to its trust.

A dream? Yes. But dreams sometimes come true.

Literary Notes

Bedales since the War

A VISITOR to a Montessori school once asked a child : " Who taught you to write ? " " Nobody taught me," the child answered, " I learnt." Mr. Geoffrey Crump in his book on *Bedales since the War* (Chapman and Hall, 5*s*.) and its preparatory Montessori school, Dunhurst, quotes this incident and calls it " delightful." The child's answer fairly sums up the attitude of Bedalians. It may be called " independent," " self-reliant," " free," " individualist." All these epithets the founder of this coeducational school, Mr. Badley, would approve as applied to the children he had under his care from 1893 up to last year, when he retired. The child's answer might also be described as " priggish," " contrary," " humbug " (or, rather " humbugged "——Who taught the child it wasn't taught ?)

After reading Mr. Crump's account of the ideals of the school, I am still not sure about the proper epithet to apply to that answer. Mr. Badley set out to found a school where the children should live the ideals of such thinkers and poets as Edward Carpenter, Carlyle, W. T. Stead, George Meredith and Walt Whitman. He gathered an enthusiastic staff about him. He wrote about coeducation and his ideals generally in *Bedales: a Pioneer School* (1923). Mr. Crump's book is a loyal sequel, reiterating the ideals, describing some recent experiments and minor adjustments, omitting only the word " pioneer."

The first part of *Bedales since the War* is a benevolent criticism. By 1914 Mr. Badley had reared the first batch of his children—they may be called his children, for, as he and Mr. Crump emphasise, Bedales is all one big family—and they had gone out into the world. All was not well with them there ; in spite of coeducation,

things did not go smoothly when they mated. Also, they came homing back to Bedales, disappointed with life outside. Their condemnation of shows of emotion as " sloppy " and of any sustained intellectual effort as " highbrow " must have made them seem rather peevish to some people. Their schooling seemed to have hardened them emotionally, perhaps weakened them spiritually (or, as they have it elsewhere, " in the guts ").

Emotion and Intellect

MR. CRUMP, an old public-school boy and afterwards a public-school master, who had at first delighted unreservedly in the atmosphere of freedom at Bedales, gradually perceived the need of a readjustment in the régime. He, too, saw the results of emotion checked in the interests of co-education (just as nudism seems sometimes to be an inverted abnegation of sex, coeducation may be made to prohibit emotion between boys and girls by their very familiarity). Then the level of intellectual attainment in the school and after was not as high as it might have been. Though enthusiasm for all sorts of subjects had been instilled, dread, perhaps, of being " highbrow " prevented mastery of elementary details, such as French irregular verbs, details required by examiners. More interesting still, in this school of all places, where it might justifiably be claimed that " work was play " (though not, alas, that " play was life "), symptoms of a deadly weariness of spirit began to appear. This Mr. Crump diagnosed as due to the child's perpetual worry, when self-responsibility was so important, of making one decision after another, instead of following established authority.

Mr. Crump is not explicit about what was actually done to correct these tendencies. Some kind of restricting influence there has to be in coeducation ; so, for the old " companionship " idea that dismissed emotion as sloppy a convention of " good taste " was substituted,

which allowed a measured amount of emotion out. It was as if the powers at Bedales turned the emotional tap a fraction, started the drip, drip, drip, but placed a pan underneath to catch the leakage. The result in after life of this hand-squeezing instead of back-slapping is not recounted.

Some tightening up of the régime took place to correct the weariness of soul. I suspect, though Mr. Crump does not say so, that a sterner type of master came in for a while, possibly someone who had not heard of Edward Carpenter or Walt Whitman, the sort children instinctively obey.

In Place of the Cane

MR. CRUMP gives as clear an exposition as you could find of a school founded and run by an individualist who believes in "freedom," self-expression, self-responsibility, internationalism (the whole world as one big family), sublimation, companionship (even mild flirtation) between girls and boys, the non-natural naughtiness of children. Who does not believe in these things (save possibly the last)? Who would not say that as words they convey something more wholesome than games fetishes, snobbishness, flogging, dogma, examination-mania, "lines," sexual perversion?

Still, children are children; unbounded freedom is not practicable, and Mr. Badley and his helpers had to find some ways of running the school to replace the tried system of the public and state-controlled schools—certain recent concessions to this system notwithstanding. At a public or secondary school, for instance, there is, at need, the cane, there are impositions to be done; back and brain bear the brunt of punishment there, and the third component of the Bedales trinity, the spirit, if it is not petted, is at least not harried. What happens at Bedales, where body and brain go free?

The child's conscience is approached; he is responsible to himself and the community, children and teachers alike, the one big family. The public school or secondary schoolboy knows what he is up against; it is something outside him. The Bedalian is brought straight up against the vast mystery of conscience. The general run of children, or adults, does not stand this well—as inquisitors have discovered.

There is no religious dogma at Bedales. Instead, there is the cultivation of the spiritual attitude; and there is information about all creeds. Then "the children at Bedales do not have the ten commandments read to them; the positive idea of what they should do is put before them rather than the negative idea of what they should not do." Ideals are many and various and the rostrum at Bedales hall has a welcome for a wide selection. The result might be that there are substituted for the ten "shalt nots" some hundreds of "thou shalts," some hundreds of insinuations "if not....," a vagueness wearisome to the spirit, breaking the spirit.

I cannot help feeling in reading this book that the established master at Bedales has great fun, weighing children's bodies, assessing their intelligences, organising resurrected country dances (to the astonishment of loitering villagers), making time-tables, trying out Dalton plans, turning taps of family emotion off and on, helping, advising, fashioning. And the children? Despite Mr. Crump's encouraging statistics of after-achievement (a Cabinet Minister is included), I wonder if they have not been trained for membership of a society that, were it ever to be completely realised, when faced with the inquiry, "Who taught you to commit suicide?" would answer smugly, "Nobody, I learned how."

PAUL CHADBURN.

Americana

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE. By STANLEY WALKER. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

IT must be nearly fifteen years since H. L. Mencken popularised Americana in his *American Mercury*. Americans are still at it, and one of them, Mr. Stanley Walker, has collected, in this volume, some exceedingly curious examples. What exactly Mrs. Astor's horse has to do with the collection, beyond providing the occasion for an amusing book-jacket, I have not yet discovered. Neither have I found any consistent plan or purpose in Mr. Walker's book. Those two failures, however, have not prevented my getting much entertainment out of it. It is not a book to be read through at a sitting, for Mr. Walker has no great distinction as a writer, and in any case a prolonged record of human follies becomes boring. But it is a good companion for the odd unoccupied moment.

Its material will be familiar to careful readers of newspapers—it includes the Hauptmann Trial, the Mervyn Le Roy—Warner wedding, Hollywood modes and manners, and the private lives of gangsters and crooners—and is presented in newspaper style. Which is to say that it is rarely very good and rarely very bad and generally oddly mixed as to both subject and style. It is in this connexion a curious fact that the compilers of any anthology of this kind—Mencken's *Americana* in *The American Mercury*, the *Anglicana* which Norman Collins once edited for the *Review of Reviews*, *This England* which *The New Statesman* took over with *The Week-end Review*—are not in general very discriminating and include alongside masterpieces of implied satire some quotations which are capable of perfectly simple and straightforward interpretation.

ANN ZEISS.

Revolt in Naples

SANFELICE. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THERE have been few more discreditable episodes in English history than Nelson's crushing of the revolt in Naples. Mr. Norman Douglas has told it once, and is the only Englishman to have done so apart from the professional historians. Now Mr. Sheean, a skilful American journalist, tells it again—as the setting of a novel of Naples of that day. It is an excellent novel, and, so far as one not a professional historian can judge, good history.

Correspondence

German Refugees

SIR—In these days of intense nationalism and pride of country, may we call attention to the desperate plight of those who have no nationality, no country of which to be proud. It is well known that the German nation no longer desire to have Jews in their midst and the Jewish Community are making most laudable efforts to place their people in Palestine and elsewhere. What is not so well understood is the fact that while those with some Jewish blood in their veins are no longer welcome in Germany, the real bond of the Jewish Community is their religion and not their birth. Of the 80,000 people who have left Germany, one fifth are not Jews by religion, and hence cannot in fairness look to the Jewish Community, who are faced with a tremendous task in helping their own co-religionists.

The High Commissioner for Refugees coming from Germany has estimated that there are 2,500 refugees, now altogether destitute, who are not of the Jewish faith but mainly Christians. They are people who have lived useful lives and are anxious to get a fresh start in life. They have no country to look to, no community to help them, in many cases no nationality, no permission to work, no money and no hope. Their only chance lies in the possibility that, as they are Christians, their plight may appeal to the generosity of their fellow-Christians.

The Churches have formed an International Committee to appeal for £125,000 in order to carry out proposals made by the High Commission for Refugees and to settle the problem of these unfortunate people. The International Committee look to Great Britain to raise £50,000 as its contribution to the cause of charity.

Appeals have been sent to all Christian Congregations in England but help from the general public is urgently needed.

Contributions may be sent to me at 93 Eaton Square, S.W.1., or to the Secretary: National Christian Appeal for Refugees from Germany, 46 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

May I earnestly commend the cause of these people to your generous support.

Yours faithfully,

BESSBOROUGH.

A Generation Ago

Nature's Law

THERE can be no doubt that Nature does punish with suffering n some rough proportion to the offence and with death as the ultimate penalty. In many cases the suffering does not work itself out even by the fourth generation, but goes on and on till pain and weakness are finally merged in merciful oblivion. But in spite of this relentlessness, Nature is no Rhadamanthus: she has her favourites and shows all manner of kindness to her loved ones.

This is the heart of the new Gospel; we take our cue from Nature; and Nature has no liking for your Sunday-school scholar or your ascetic; she treats the pulse-eater and the Pharisee, the flagellator and formalist, a little more harshly than she treats the profligate or the happy-go-lucky. The deep-breasted Mother, indeed, shows a distinct preference for the rich generous hot-blooded vigorous personalities who scatter abroad sins and seeds, sense and nonsense out of the exuberance of health and youth, and she forgives her favourites their transgressions again and again, warning them now with headaches and now with heart-sinkings of the danger of evil courses.

Here we come to the dividing-line between the old code and the new: morals don't belong to statics at all as the Jews imagined; but to dynamics; that is, there is no universal law or rule with a penalty indubitably attached. The rule is general; the exceptions numerous; the punishment, like the fault, is all a question of the individual, and is in intimate relation to his health and strength. The vigorous man may eat too much and yet transmute his food into extra force; or he may eat what disagrees with him and yet hardly be conscious of his offence.

The weak, on the other hand, will suffer out of measure for all mistakes. In this matter of health, "he that hath to him shall be given; and he that hath not from him shall be taken even that which he hath." In brief, "one man's food is another man's poison." Wine, though injurious to eight out of ten, may be good for the ninth and save the life of the tenth. The law is only a counsel for guidance; the penalty may often be avoided. The fact is the individual man or woman should study his or her own nature and use such suggestions of the code as they find salutary.

(*Frank Harris in* THE ENGLISH REVIEW *of June*, 1911).

HOTEL REGISTER

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